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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

### A CURE FOR CORRUPTION.

PANACEAS for the treatment of our political disorders are generally regarded with distrust. The chief reason for this is that it is plain to most thinking men that so long as the present political system is retained permanent cure for such disorders must have its source in the regeneration of the people themselves. The scrofula that afflicts the body politic cannot successfully be treated on the surface. Its symptoms may be checked at one spot, but they will speedily break out in another. The only remedy must be a radical, or, more strictly, a seminal one; that is, the seeds of health must be sown whose fruits will ultimately displace and supersede the unclean products that all good men now deplore. No government under such a system as ours can possibly be superior to the people. If the government deteriorates—as it is commonly charged the government of this republic has deteriorated—we do not see how the inference is to be escaped that the people have deteriorated. The logical converse—that with the improvement of the people the government will improve—will command more general assent. If we eschew the idea of any revolutionary change in the existing order of things, no purification of a lasting character is to be looked for in statal or national legislation except it be inspired by the masses below. Still, it is well that agitation is kept up on the subject, because it directs and fixes public attention to the disgraceful evils under which we labor, and discussion may possibly lead to the adoption of scientific curatives even when the latter are not included in the original plans under debate. We are glad, therefore, to call attention to any earnest and intelligent disquisition bearing upon the matter, even if we are unable to agree with particular views or proposals that may be advanced therein. Such an essay is that of Mr. D. G. Croly which has appeared in the current number of *The Northern Monthly*. The scheme of this writer as set forth in his own words is, briefly—

"to organize a class of public censors who shall act as a connecting line between the mass of the community and the official body. It should be the business of these censors to have their representatives in every legislative chamber in the country, to note the proceedings and report to the public. They should be expected to keep sleepless watch over all the departments; the accounts and books of the state—the contract system and the prison management. The appropriations for state or federal purposes should be scrutinized, and it should be their duty to report to whom the money was paid and for what purpose. The leakage and waste of the treasury, and the demoralization resulting therefrom, should be explained to the world, so that the proper correction could be applied. These censors must not be paid nor recognized by the state. One privilege only must be given them, that of examining the accounts and being cognizant of the business of the state in all its departments. Representing the public, they must be in positions to watch the public servants. These censors are not to be confounded with spies. Their actions must be open and above-board. They should be men of culture and character, while wealth would be an additional qualification."

Mr. Croly names five gentlemen of social eminence and acknowledged probity as peculiarly fitted to discharge the functions he suggests, and we have not the least doubt that, did they consent to serve, these gentlemen would officiate with dignity and honor and would save the state a great deal of money. But here is the first difficulty. Suppose no practical impediments existed to a constitutional change admitting the proposed innovation, would the selected censors consent to serve? If men of the class mentioned by Mr. Croly will not serve the state as paid officials, are they more likely to serve it as unpaid ones? And if they did and were to watch the Senate and Assembly with cat-like vigilance, who is to watch the censors? The people already send their chosen representatives to these houses ostensibly to protect the public interest. No guarantee or security is afforded by the proposed plan that does not exist at present to restrain legislators. The high repute of the particular individuals who, for the sake of illustration, are named, would not suffice to justify the adoption of a general principle. Were we living under an absolute monarch, and it was proposed to have a republic such as in fact we have, it would be easy to recommend the plan, by pointing out excellent people in the com-

munity who would make suitable senators, representatives, or assemblymen. The facts, as they are, controvert the soundness of the indicated presumption. Moreover, the tendency of Mr. Croly's plan would be toward the establishment of a dangerous oligarchy. The Roman censors were but two in number, and originally their duties were confined to taking the census of the number and property of citizens. Their powers were gradually enlarged until they included the inspection of morals, the right to degrade senators and knights from their respective orders, that of making contracts for public buildings, and, finally, *the choice of the members of the senate itself*. Ultimately, as in the essay under consideration is stated, one of the censors, Appius Claudius, became virtually Dictator of Rome.

The situations are doubtless different, but not to a degree that makes the historical example uninteresting. Mr. Croly observes that the mistake made by the Romans was that of giving too much authority to the censors; but this was a matter of gradual encroachment, much more gradual indeed than the present encroachments of our own Congress. The danger in such cases is not that the people will directly confer too much authority, but that, without exciting popular jealousy, the authority will progressively be usurped. In the retrospect what was gradual and diffused appears, when we consider the sequel, immediate and compact; just as the epochal crises of our own history will doubtless appear to the eyes of future observers. Mr. Croly's thoughts are carefully expressed, and although unable to assent to his conclusions, or to believe in the practicability of his main proposition, we feel justified, by reason of its sobriety, its patriotic spirit, and its suggestiveness, in recommending his article to the perusal of intelligent thinkers.

### THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

THERE is an error extensively prevalent concerning the nature of our present financial disease, which blinds us to the proper remedy. It seems to be taken for granted that the banks are in a state of suspension, and that therefore on them devolves the duty of restoring specie payments. The banks are in no such condition; they pay their debts every day in the lawful money of the country.

All suspensions of specie payments in this country, heretofore, have been suspensions of the banks; that is, these institutions became unable to meet their debts in the lawful money of the country, and the people, by general consent, adopted their irredeemable notes as the ordinary currency for transactions. But the lawful money of the country was, nevertheless, unchanged; it continued to be gold, as before, and no man was obliged to accept anything but gold in payment of a debt. It is difficult for us, having in mind the nature of these former suspensions, to get rid of the idea that the present condition is due to the same cause, to wit, the inability of the banks to pay their debts. We hastily infer, consequently, that the remedy is in the hands of the banks, and that the duty of curing the present evil is theirs.

The banks do not now, as in former suspensions, refuse to pay their debts; they are paying them every day in lawful money. The people do not now accept bank-notes as an irredeemable currency; they accept them, as they did in specie-paying times, for what they are—promises to pay lawful money. Nor do the banks hesitate to pay lawful money on presentation of their notes or on demand of their other debts. There is no constant and universal breach of contract on the part of the banks, as there was in former suspensions. The banks, therefore, are not now in a state of suspension, in no sense and in no degree. They pay their debts in the lawful money of the country; Moses Taylor pays his debts in the same lawful money. The banks are no more bankrupt than Moses Taylor is bankrupt; no more in a condition of suspended payment than he is. In former suspensions the banks paid their debts only in their own notes, which, of course, was no payment; they were then in a condition of bankruptcy. They now pay their debts in something else than their own notes, that is, in the notes of the government, which is the lawful method of paying debts. The banks do everything which the law requires of a debtor.

We have at present two kinds of lawful money, to

wit, gold coin and legal-tender notes. A debtor may lawfully offer either in payment of a debt. The two kinds of lawful money are unlike in value. The legal-tender notes are the cheaper. The banks, in common with all other debtors, make use of the cheaper of the two. Forty years ago we had also two kinds of lawful money of unequal value. Gold coin and silver coin were both, by law, a tender for debts to any amount. The gold coin was the more valuable of the two, and it was, consequently, rejected from use. All debtors, banks as well as individuals, paid their debts in silver, and only in silver. No one could then justly complain of the banks for paying their debts in silver and not in gold. No just complaint can be made now that the banks pay their debts in the cheaper lawful money and not in gold.

In former suspensions, the lawful money of the country remained the same; *in this suspension, the lawful money of the country has been changed*; and this change makes the present suspension of gold payments. Here is the disease; and here must the remedy be applied. There is no propriety in asking the banks to pay their debts in gold, or to get ready to do so. Gold is only one of two kinds of lawful money; if the banks pay in either kind, they do their full duty. The banks pay in lawful money; if the lawful money is not good, that should be remedied, and the government, which is in fault, must furnish the remedy.

It seems clear, then, that the sore spot in our present system is this: that our lawful money is not equal in value to gold. If that sore spot were cured, if all our lawful money were equal in value to gold, the banks and every other debtor would be paying gold. If gold and legal-tender notes were of equal value, if gold was no dearer than legal-tender notes, the banks would as lief give their creditor gold as legal-tender notes. All thought bestowed upon any other point than this is wasted; all remedies directed to any other part of the present system will be thrown away. Plans for making bank-notes redeemable in specie are, at least, useless; the bank-notes are now redeemable in lawful money; make the lawful money equal to specie, and bank-notes will be redeemed in specie. To provide specially for bank-notes being paid in specie is to provide that bank-notes shall be worth more than the lawful money of the country. On the other hand, if we provide for our lawful money becoming equal to specie, any special provision for bank-notes is useless. All debts would then be easily paid in specie.

How, then, are we to make our lawful money gold again, or equal to gold? The advocates of contraction say: Take out of existence all our present paper lawful money and then we shall have gold as our only lawful money. It is quite true that if the legal-tender notes were all out of existence, gold would again be the only lawful money; and that would be specie payments. But how much suffering would this cost? We have now four hundred millions of dollars of lawful money in use; the banks hold a large share of this; the people have the residue in their pockets. All who hold it regard themselves as having so much of the best kind of cash security, so much of that one thing which will, beyond all peradventure, cancel their debts, or which will, under any circumstances, buy whatever they may at any time need. Merchants may break, and banks may break, but whatever is in the shape of lawful money will always be good, be always available, because it is a lawful tender for debts. On the quantity of lawful money which a bank at any time holds depends its strength and, also, the confidence of its creditors in its strength. On the quantity of lawful money—not bank-notes—which is scattered among the community it depends whether the general feeling shall be that money is abundant and one of consequent confidence, or a feeling that money is scarce and of consequent distrust. The common mercantile phrase that "money is scarce" is not a figurative expression, but describes literally the immediate cause of panics. When lawful money is abundant in the banks, which are the great debtors of the country, all things are smooth; when the quantity of lawful money in their vaults begins to dwindle, then comes distrust, more or less severe. Now, there can be but one kind of lawful money in general use at the same time; the one which is cheapest. It is the abundance or scarcity of this one kind of lawful money which affects the general condition of business.



When gold was our only lawful money, the shipment of gold to Europe made money scarce here; now legal-tender notes are the only lawful money in actual use, and shipments of gold go on every week by millions and yet money grows more abundant, because legal-tender notes are abundant. Gold not being in use as lawful money, its movements are not felt.

It is easy to see, therefore, that if we lessen the quantity of paper lawful money in use among the people we shall generate a sense of stringency in their business affairs, and a feeling of distrust. If we could take legal-tender notes out of the people's pockets, and at the same time could put an equal quantity of gold dollars into their pockets and *make the people use the gold dollars side by side with the legal-tender notes*, no harm would ensue. For then there would continue to be the same quantity of lawful money in use, part of it paper, part of it gold. But the people cannot be made to use gold in this way so long as the legal-tender note is cheaper. And the legal-tender note will continue to be cheaper than gold so long as it is not redeemed in gold, *no matter how few the legal-tender notes may be*. If only one such note was in existence, it would not be worth gold unless it was redeemable in gold. Contraction, therefore—the taking in of the legal-tender notes and cancelling of them—is simply a process of constant diminution of the quantity of lawful money in use, and a consequent diminution of the element that gives steadiness and confidence in business. It is an absolute diminution, having no compensation, so long as gold and legal-tender notes are unequal in value. So soon as legal-tender notes are equivalent to gold, then, and not till then, gold will flow into the circulation whenever the notes flow out. So long as there is any premium on gold it cannot, in practice, form any part of our stock of lawful money. The legal-tender notes and gold should be made of equal value first; contraction, or taking in of the notes, should come afterward. Then just as fast as a legal-tender note was taken out of use, a gold dollar, because it was worth no more, would take its place in the general circulation. The proposed issue of an equal sum of bank-notes to take the place of legal-tender notes as fast as the latter are withdrawn would make the dangers of contraction greater, not less. For bank-notes are not lawful money, but mere promises to pay it. To increase these promises and at the same time to diminish the stock of lawful money, out of which the means of performance must come, is to burn the candle at both ends. We should soon have legal-tender notes at a premium over bank-notes and over that more serious form of bank indebtedness which is called deposits, and whenever there shall be a premium on legal-tender notes every bank in the country must break.

Contraction of the legal-tender notes, if carried out before the notes are brought up to par with gold, would lead to dire distress and confusion; to the breaking of all the banks and probably to bankruptcy of the government. The temporary payment of the interest on the public debt in paper instead of coin for one or two years, so as to let the whole gold revenue of the Treasury be piled up to make the legal-tender notes good, would, in our present condition, be a justifiable measure, as much so as any compromise by which an honest debtor averts, as well from his creditors as himself, worse consequences.

#### OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

IX.

THE sub-committee of the joint committee on retrenchment, consisting on the part of the House of Mr. Jenckes from Rhode Island, and on the part of the Senate of Mr. Patterson from New Hampshire, and of Mr. Williams from Oregon, was appointed last summer for the purpose of considering the mode of appointments to the public service and the abolition of useless offices. Mr. Jenckes's bill regulating the mode of appointments for the home civil service has been the theme of discussion and commendation in and out of Congress for the last year, while Mr. Patterson's bill for the greater efficiency and retrenchment of the foreign service will, we trust, be introduced in the Senate at an early day. A series of questions recently propounded to persons employed in the civil service in all sections of the country will, in all probability, afford official evidence of a fact

which we have repeatedly urged, that the majority, if not all, the heads of departments and their subordinates have been appointed without passing through a suitable test of examination, and without having pursued any special studies adapting them for the offices which they hold. That a system of competitive examination is indispensable for the efficiency of the service seems now to be generally conceded. That the principal public offices are crowded with low-salaried clerks, when a comparatively small number of better paid and competent persons could perform the same amount of work and perform it more efficaciously, seems also to be admitted.

The task which the civil service reformers have before them seems to be this: To allot to each public office a certain number of employees, selected from the candidates for competitive examination, and, consequently, to reduce the number of the present civil force to a considerable extent; to do away with the present scale of increase of salary (namely, from \$1,200 to \$1,400, \$1,600, \$1,800, etc.), which is not sufficiently discriminative, and so fails to ensure the best capacity; and to adopt in its stead a higher scale, discriminating between the merely mechanical clerks and copyists, who should not have a higher salary than from \$800 to \$1,200, and the employees whose occupations involve intellectual culture and knowledge of special studies, and whose salary ought not to be less than \$1,800, and should gradually rise, in the scale of promotion, to \$3,000 and \$4,000. The heads of departments themselves should be subjected to a rigorous test of examination as well as their subordinate employees. The collector of the port of New York, for instance, offers no other qualification excepting that of being one of the hundred thousand merchants of the country. There is no doubt a fair number of merchants who have devoted special studies to all those intricate laws, regulations, and sciences a mastery of which is indispensable to the proper discharge of one of the most important administrative functions of the government. But, as a general rule, our merchants lack time for such studies, though many of them have enjoyed at least the advantages of collegiate education. Now, taking for granted that there are men whose whole life has been devoted to the accumulation of wealth in the importing or in the banking line, and who have yet found time to qualify themselves for the duties to which we have referred, how is the country to discriminate between the merchants and bankers who are qualified and those who are not, excepting by a legalized system of examination? Hence, the fact that a man has been a successful merchant or president of a bank does not carry sufficient weight to substantiate his qualification for an important public office. Not that we wish to underrate the experiences of a laborious commercial or financial occupation; they are, no doubt, useful accessories in the administration of custom-houses, revenue and treasury departments. But they are only accessories, which, without special and additional qualifications, may rather prove obnoxious than otherwise, inasmuch as a collector or treasury man, of commercial and financial antecedents and experience only, must be but too apt to rush through his duties in a conventional and apparently smart style, and to scout all improvements, reforms, and comprehensive studies as useless or impractical, simply because he confounds a governmental with an importer's office, and because anything that transcends his ordinary mercantile routine naturally appears to him visionary. Moreover, if a collector as important as that of New York, or a prominent treasury official, happens to be a person of only ordinary education and without special qualifications and accomplishments for his post, how can the public be expected to respect his administration, and how can he expect to be respected by his subordinates?

If he do not court a stringent examination, if he cannot produce the evidence of having pursued special studies for the fulfilment of his functions, how can we expect that he will exact a test of examination and qualification from his inferiors; and, if untested and conscious of his defective training himself, how can he be expected to pass a judgement upon the qualifications of other men? That such untested men can hold public offices at all is deplorable enough, but that the appointing power should be vested in their hands is positively silly. Think of the collector of New York, for instance, having the power of appoint-

ing one thousand men in his office alone, without taking into account those he may recommend to other offices and those he may "swap." Such a state of things is not to be tolerated any longer, and our advice to the Congressional committee is to begin by cleansing the Augean stable of the New York custom-house by taking the appointing power away from its present director and examining him and his employees in regard to their special studies and qualifications. It is only by overhauling one department after another that reform can be effected. The overhauling of the Treasury Department at Washington will also afford rich sport for the reformers. We have no doubt that several bureaus, particularly the Statistical Bureau, will be abolished altogether, as inflicting a large annual expenditure upon the country without compensating advantages. We have already stated on a former occasion that the custom-house reports, the commercial reports of consuls in the State Department, the Census, Land, and Agricultural departments give all the statistics that are required. Any additional statistical laboratory is a luxury which the country can ill afford, and certainly not at the present time. Moreover, too many cooks spoil the broth, and we are satisfied that with the nibbling done in statistics here and there and everywhere, more money is spent in this country for the collection of loose statistics and statistics "at large," and for their fragmentary and chaotic publication, than for all the ministers of commerce and navigation in European countries together.

The time may come, and we trust soon, when this country will have a minister for commerce and navigation, who shall relieve the Secretary of the Treasury from the Custom-house and Surveyor's and Naval Office business, and the State Department from the commercial and maritime part of the consular business. If Congress were to decree to-morrow the abolition of the statistical and other similarly unnecessary bureaus, every tax-paying citizen would be relieved to the extent of the saving of the amounts now wasted upon these bureaus; while their disappearance would inflict no public injury or individual pang save in the hearts of those dismissed from office, and of the critics who might mourn over those delectable opportunities which formerly enabled them to expose gross blunders. We therefore again enjoin upon Congress the necessity of abolishing all useless offices, and the speedy enactment of the proposed reforms in the public service of the country, so that in future our civil and foreign establishments may attain the same efficiency as our military and naval service. As regards the prevention of frauds, and the securing of integrity in the revenue and other public departments, we have already suggested the adoption of a system of bonds; so that, whatever may be the other measures taken for testing the character of the person appointed, the people would be, at all events, guaranteed against loss consequent upon frauds, by requiring every person, particularly in revenue and financial departments, to deposit a certain amount of money as security for his integrity, to be refunded only within one year after his resignation or removal from the office. Unless such a system be adopted, we cannot see how the people can be protected against the defalcation of public officers; and the protection of an over-burdened people calls for the utmost solicitude on the part of the legislators of the country.

#### PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE.

MR. SAMUEL N. PIKE deserves the thanks of his species. He has made a blade of grass grow where none grew before; he has struck a rock whence has gushed a fountain of melodious waters; he has transformed a neighborhood of dull if respectable provincialism into a focus of cosmopolitan gaiety. The Opera House of Mr. Pike seems, like the palace of Aladdin, to have risen by enchantment, and the whole precinct in which it stands is rendered lighter, more airy, and in every way more attractive by its presence. The surrounding houses and shops appear to have spruced up to do honor to the snowy pile that belittles them, new conveniences of various sorts are preparing or in contemplation, the old residents of the quarter have assumed a more lively and important air, and even the little *gamins* of the avenue seem to find dignity in the knowledge that a palace has been reared in their midst, dedicated to works with whose popular fragments they have made admiring acquaintance through the classic medium of the hand-organ.



Nor are the eye and the ear alone delighted at present and in prospect by the new temple. The delicate bouquet of Eighth Avenue has been subdued by the aroma of Jockey-Club, the familiar emanations of a tenement vicinage have been drowned in the fragrance of Patchouli. No one, in fact, who happens to be familiar with the spot and to have been absent during the erection of the Opera House would have believed it possible for even a magician's wand to have wrought such a change. We shall begin to believe now what, to tell the truth, we have always regarded with some scepticism, that the queer, blasted-heath-looking purities of Central Park may one day bloom like the gardens of Semiramis and approach in reality the sumptuous ideals we have seen from the hands of imaginative artists. The mention of Central Park reminds us of the current objection to Mr. Pike's theatre—its distance. It is "so near and yet so far." Near, that is, to unlovely haunts and dwelling places and far from fashionable ones. We attach little importance to the objection. The time must be close at hand when facilities for swift transit about town will be greatly augmented and the spread of the centre of the city will soon bring the Opera House within the charmed circle. But even if it fails to do so, as we understand the builder's project he aims at making his beautiful edifice itself a centre; so that from his point of view Broadway and Union Square shall be distant from the Opera House, instead of the Opera House being distant from them; a distinction with a manifest difference.

Mr. Pike has done something more than put up a showy structure. He has shown us how to construct an interior at once perfectly convenient and truly elegant, and—which is perhaps of graver consequence—how to make entrances which combine safety and beauty in a degree unparalleled in this country and, but for the new house in Paris, we might add in the world. The ornamentation of the auditorium is perhaps a trace too florid, but for our own part we prefer, in a theatre, the florid to the bald. The old Academy, with all its faults, was much handsomer than the new one, which looks as if it had undergone a surgical operation that had been stopped for economy's sake when it was only half through. Nothing could be finer than the lighting of Mr. Pike's house, and the stage in shape and appointments is unexceptionable. There are but two things in the mechanism of which we hear complaints, and these are the acoustic qualities of the building and the seats of the parquette. With regard to the former we can vouch that the public hears well enough, but it is said that the house is hard for the artists. To sing Verdi's music is trying enough under the most favorable circumstances, but to sing it under opposite ones must be martyrdom. How far this defect, if it is one, may be remedied by time or habit, or to what extent it may be obviated by artificial means, we are unable as yet to judge. The seats are certainly not the most comfortable ever made; it may be, however, that they are no worse than those of our other city theatres, but excite discontent simply because everything else that surrounds them is so superlatively fine.

We regret to say that this high commendation is inapplicable to the present company. It is fair to admit that our estimate has been formed from witnessing thus far only a single performance, that of *Rigoletto*. But a company that affords only one of the four competent singers necessary to this opera cannot be called a good one. Madame La Grange is undoubtedly an artist of high rank. Her school is good, her execution remarkable, her voice singularly well preserved, and her bearing thoroughly tasteful and lady-like. Yet, notwithstanding these qualities, it would be difficult to name a soprano so unsuited to the role of Gilda. The absence of a certain *naïveté*, a youthful freshness, a flowing spontaneity may be excused in many characters of the lyric drama, if their absence is atoned by ripe experience and artistic skill, but the former attributes cannot be dispensed with in parts like Gilda or Amina or Giulietta, for in them such attributes are the very life-blood of the interest. Without them the fable is stripped of all probability, and even such brilliant vocalization as that of Mad. La Grange's cannot reconcile us to the deficiency. Again, poor Sig. Massimiliani was terribly overweighted in Il Duca. He was evidently struggling with hoarseness on the occasion to which we refer, but we cannot conceive under any circumstances of his satisfactorily filling the part. Of the lightness, the gayety, the profligate dash of the libidinous duke, his representative seemed to have not the faintest idea, and we are sorry to add that his singing did not make amends for defective conception. The great scenes of the opera fell flat, in a word,

from the extreme difficulty of sympathizing with, or even believing in the possibility of, the passion of the leading personages. It was almost as hard to imagine Gilda in love with Il Duca as that Il Duca would have had the heart to betray Gilda; which is saying a great deal. With these drawbacks a very powerful representative of the Jester himself might have pulled things satisfactorily through. Such a performance as we have seen Ronconi give of the same character would have done no less. Without, however, permitting ourselves the ungraciousness of comparing an artist so phenomenal as Ronconi with so young and painstaking a singer as Sig. Orlandini evidently is, it is perfectly clear that the latter gentleman is, as yet, unsuited to attempt so exacting a rôle, even if strengthened by unexceptionable performers in the remaining parts. The only character, then, that was satisfactorily acted and sung was the very slender one of Maddalena, with which Miss Phillips did all that could be done, and was as arch, coquettish, and *riante* as the situation demands. Miss Phillips's beautiful voice was of supreme consequence in the famous quartette, the only performance of the evening—with a single exception—that the audience attempted to get repeated. The chorus seems good; but it is hard to judge of the ensemble of a chorus proper in the absence of the female voices, and these, in *Rigoletto*, are not called upon. The orchestra on this occasion was too persistently noisy, and in general very deficient in light and shade.

All these were the shortcomings of a solitary performance, and we would by no means imply that it is justly to be regarded as an exponent of others. On the contrary, we are assured by competent judges that more than one of the works produced during this short season have been given with very superior effect. Whatever the merits or demerits of the present company, there can certainly be no question as to the splendor of the theatre in which they have appeared or the energy and courage of its owner. We congratulate Mr. Pike heartily on the signal success with which he has carried his design to completion. He deserves the gratitude of all who wish to see New York beautified and improved; and as this class should include all opera-goers, the most direct way of discharging the manifest obligation will be that of frequenting the Opera House as much as possible. By this means the public spirit of its projector may receive a tangible recognition, and other people, with plenty of dollars and a love of art, may be induced to emulate Mr. Pike's example.

#### VOLCANOES.

THE present eruption of Vesuvius suggests fresh enquiry as to the cause of volcanic emissions. Various speculators have referred the phenomena to different causes, among which, especially in these latter days, electricity holds a conspicuous place, this being the agent which is employed, on almost all occasions, to carry forward operations not understood by the employers. We have seen nothing offered by the advocates of the electrical theory that to our view merits the appellation of argument—their substitute for this being little more than a use of the term electricity, without a showing of an action kindred with that of the fluid of the clouds and of the battery; so that we have nothing tangible to refute.

We received not long since a small pamphlet, entitled *Reflections on Latent Causes and Mechanical Effects in the Works of Nature*, written by Mr. A. Girard, of Mobile, in which we find these passages: "Next to the effect of the sun's rays, the most universal and powerful cause of heat is fermentation, or the reaction of mixed substances in or around the globe. Putrefaction is the result of chemical heat, and in some instances rarefies the gases that are thrown from it to such an extent that they produce that contrast with darkness which gives light; while the decomposition of all vegetable substances, whether in solid or liquid form, exhibits the same thermal phenomenon. In fact, all subterranean reactions are productive of heat. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are due to these causes; and there can be no doubt that they are eminently sufficient to account for the great throes of our earthly nature, without resorting to the hypothetical assumption of a central fire in our globe. The surface of the earth is filled with substances that react upon each other, and as they are in continual change, the effects of their saturation and resolution are also perpetual." We submit to Mr. Girard whether he does not have recourse to the same kind of assumption against which he implies objection? It strikes us that he will find it hard work to convince himself, even, that the putrefaction and the decomposition which he

names, although they do give origin to the small degrees of heat indicated, can be conducted upon so large a scale as to melt the very rock frame-work of the world into lava. The step from one action to the other is undoubtedly a natural one for the mind, and one which, we feel sure, the theorist himself will admit, upon second thought. The author of *Titan Agonistes*, in a series of papers on *The Motions of the Heavenly Bodies*, which are being published in *The Louisville Courier*, presents some views as to the volcanoes of the moon. We allude to them here only for the purpose of dissenting from the opinion held out that the moon, as well as the earth, was a molten mass before she was solid. Our own belief regarding the matter has been stated in a former article under the head of *The Earth's Original Incandescence*.

We have now come to the commonly accepted theory accounting for volcanic eruptions. This is founded upon the idea that the earth condensed from gaseous into liquid material first; then, that the surface cooled to a certain (rather to an uncertain) depth, shutting in a nucleus of burning lava. In a paper upon the geology of Russia, published in *The Quarterly Review*, of London, the following sentences are to be found: "1st. The original and general fluidity of the mass of our planet appears to be demonstrated by its form as a spheroid of rotation. 2d. The increasing temperature at increasing depths below the surface indicates igneous fusion as the probable cause of this original fluidity, and infers its continuance even to the present day. We consider the lowest granitic rocks of Scandinavia and Canada as the cooled-down masses of the universal igneous bases. Throughout the whole process, and at every stage, the undulations of the fused nucleus continued to shatter the growing crust which vibrated on its surface; and as the incumbent masses shrunk under gradual refrigeration, the pressure thus occasioned must have operated as an additional force to protrude streams and dykes of eruptive granitoid lava from the great central reservoir."

This is a fair and a sufficiently clear expression of the explanation, generally received, of the cause of volcanoes. Let us analyze a little. The liquid is assumed to be in so quiet a state that there is no obstacle in the way of the commencement of the formation of the crust; and there is no provision conceivable by which the quiet can be disturbed at any subsequent stage of the cooling, any more than there is in case of the freezing at the surface of running water. Indeed, the very claim that there is a beginning of the refrigeration, upon the one as upon the other liquid, carries with it the admission that the hardened material will not be broken up, unless by some outside influence. The idea needs but this simple glance to show its absurdity. Its one branch is a complete contradiction of its other branch. Let him who can just think of an undulating river's gathering ice upon it, the pressure downward of which shall force the substance pressed upward through the thing which makes the pressure—in other words, let him conceive that the effect of the incrustation is such that there is no possibility of the incrustation's taking place!

But, for the sake of seeing the argument conducted to its legitimate end, suppose that to be granted which common sense will not permit to be granted—suppose that the crust did form, in spite of the heaving and the cleaving of the burning billows, and that it thickened to the depth of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles—can there be found one so hardy in his credulousness as to believe that portions of the lava itself would drive through that depth, in places, without shattering into fragments the whole super-incumbent mass? and setting it to seething in the fiery lake? Hardly, we think. We proceed now to give an outline of our theory.

The earth had her origin in the precipitation of different ingredients (similar to those which appear now) out of a volume of vapor. The substances having the greatest specific gravities tended toward the innermost space. Still, from the nature of the process of condensation—from the fact that the other materials were close upon them in their fall—they could not have secured, so to speak, all of that space—that is, before the whole of the heaviest material was collected, a quantity of the next in weight followed, not in the same column with the first, but just back of it, and took a portion of the space. The inference is, that the amounts of the different ingredients deposited at the centre were in proportion to their densities and to their relative volumes before precipitation. Out of that process of the substances ranging themselves side by side have originated a sort of winding columns or cones—each substance, after having opened its current, continuing the same until the whole of itself was taken in. Again, the conclusion from that is, that our



planet, as first constructed, was a kind of *frame* consisting of standards or pillars of the denser metals, having the lighter minerals and earths occupying the intervals. The conformation, especially toward the surface, has since been greatly modified, of course, by convulsions and abrasions; still, those standards—*veins*, we will term them—remain evidently pretty much as formerly. These veins are conductors of the several imponderable agents—at any rate, of some of them, such as heat and electricity—better conductors than are the encompassing non-metallic ingredients, in consequence of which they serve as vents for those agents accumulating periodically in the central reservoir. These accumulations (of heat, since this is that of which we are in pursuit) are from the rays of the sun, striking upon the surface and being conveyed inward along the veins, first, and in small quantities; then, in large volume, through the *slower* conductors constituting the body of the earth. It will be seen, without the going into particulars, that the very fact of the veins being the better conductors, and of their being ahead of the interlying substances in carrying their charges of heat, leads to the fact that they will turn their currents outward when the main body of the heat shall have arrived at the centre, and thus will bring again to the surface portions of the heat ingathered. The conclusion to be drawn is, of course, that a vein terminates at the place of eruption. The quantity of heat brought at one passage cannot but be small. However, this is deposited in the more poorly conducting substance, whether combustible or other, at the vein's extremity. Charge upon charge is given off; until, after a series of years, the amount is sufficient to fuse the very rocks and hurl them heavenward in liquid, fiery floods. In the fact that time is required for the collection of the due quantity of heat is to be found a reason for the periodicity of volcanic manifestations.

## TITLES.

WHETHER a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, is a question for horticulturists to answer; certain it is that there is more in a name than seems to have been dreamt of in Shakespeare's philosophy. To a mind not given to metaphysical refinements, the name becomes, by sheer dint of repetition and familiarity, as inseparable a part of the thing as its most essential attribute of form or color. Different languages furnish different appellations of the same object; but does not this latter seem to take on a shade—let it be infinitesimal if you will—still a shade of variation with every varying title? At least, in the domain of pure reason, the conclusion is plausible; a Frenchman's *pensée* represents something which is not altogether the same as a Spaniard's *pensamiento* or an Englishman's *thought*. And even in the material world a subtle fancy might trace the analogy, might see in the German *Handschuh* a different object from the English *glove* or the French *gant*. Perhaps all this is fanciful and forced; perhaps any such shade of difference in our mental photograph of an object is to be ascribed not to the difference in name, but to a difference in the genius of the peoples and in their habits of thought. Certainly it cannot be denied that thought is in some degree moulded by language; a man who is in the habit of hearing and using only refined speech will insensibly undergo a corresponding refinement in his thoughts, while coarse ideas are equally sure to follow coarse habits of speaking. So, too, every one who is conversant with more than one tongue, must be conscious of a slight change in his way of thinking, consequent upon each change of expression; that is, if he analyzes at all the operations of his inner consciousness. Most people never do, but are content to take for granted the results which are telegraphed to their outward being along a thousand electric nerve lines, without asking or caring for the hidden causes that produce them. But without pursuing further a train of reflection that the reader may more profitably follow for himself, if he likes it, and if he do not, will thank us for having dropped, let us be satisfied to claim what cannot well be gainsaid—that names color our notions of things far more deeply than most of us, without enquiry, would imagine. Names are the mysterious dwellers on the threshold of every individual existence, and only a few know the pass-word that wins beyond. We are to each other only names, and we fancy we are intimate when a visiting card holds the history of our acquaintance. Names are our playthings: the beads and bits of colored glass in the kaleidoscope of life. There is a great deal of the philosophy of human nature condensed in the outburst of that indignant Gaul who found fault with the inexpressiveness of our English tongue. "Pain, c'est bien simple ;

cela veut dire pain : mais *br-r-read* ! qu'est ce que veut dire *br-read*." Most of us are like the Frenchman—our bread is flavorless if we may not call it by the name we fancy most. In church and state, in politics and love alike, we quarrel about names, and let realities elude us with most refreshing indiscriminate. Ardent republicans, we abhor constitutional monarchy and tolerate unconstitutional despotism; good Christians, we renounce the devil and retain his works. Ambition is hallowed if we call it patriotism, and prostitution made sacred under the name of marriage. Is there not something in a name?

The ways in which names impress us are sometimes curious enough. A stranger's name will often suggest to us a certain notion of his figure, face, gait, voice, and manner, long before we have seen him, and though the reality should prove entirely unlike this fancy picture on the canvas of imagination, yet somehow this first impression is apt to linger and insensibly to affect our after opinion. Any change of name is bewildering and depressing; a street, a town which has been rechristened, loses something of its old familiar charm; the man who has had his name changed by act of legislature is never after the man he was, not even to himself. His new name may be a more ornamental handle, but it is not worn into shape by years of rude but faithful service. Tom Stubbs was a good fellow, a trifle coarse perhaps, but frank, generous, sincere; but T. Montagu Percy—*faugh!* out upon the pinchbeck counterfeit. A fine name asks fine clothes and fine friends to match; so the old and well-used articles of both descriptions are thrown aside together. *Tempora mutantur*. Stubbs could nod to Perkins when he, Perkins, was out at elbows; but Montagu Percy—doose take the wagged fellow, what doeth he mean by bowin'? False, vain, heartless, this is what his new name has made of our vulgar but honest friend. Or let the reader try to imagine what would have been the effect if parental tastelessness had inflicted on his helpless infancy the ignominy of such a title as Hiram or Adonijah, instead of mellifluous Augustus or stylish Charles Henry, or, if so be the gentler sex may bless these lines with approving eyes, had made life a burden with the ineffable horror of Betsy or Sarah Jané, instead of Blanche or Mirabel. Apart from the misery of an existence made unpleasantly conspicuous by such a hideous combination of sounds, would not the lives have been radically different which were darkened by so dreary a shadow? Imagine Adonijah enlivening a dinner-table with the electric current of his wit, or Betsy Jane irradiating a ball-room with the splendor of beauty and grace. Fiddlesticks! Adonijah would be a shining light in conventicle and prayer-meeting, and Betsy Jane a useful but not ornamental member of the neighboring Dorcas Society. Say what you will, a man's name exerts some subtle influence over his destiny. A fine name is an inspiration; desperation treads on the heels of a vulgar one. Professor Lowell well says in his charming life of Keats, that that poet's name had much to do with his ill success in life. "Men judge the current coin of opinion by the ring, and are readier to take without question whatever is Platonic, Baconian, Newtonian, Johnsonian, Washingtonian, Jeffersonian, Napoleonic, and all the rest. You cannot make a good adjective of Keats—the more pity—and to say a thing is Keatsy is to condemn it. Fate likes fine names." And indeed it is curious to observe that almost all the great poets and many of the great men that have marked the world's history with points of light have had sonorous names. Tennyson or Swinburne ring true at once; but Tupper or Timothy Titcomb—can you fancy a Tupper beloved of the Muses, Apollo consorting with a Titcomb? But we do not go so far in our theory as a friend who based his belief in the ultimate success of the Confederate cause on the fact that a Beauregard was its champion.

As with men, so it is in a great measure with books—their success depends largely on the attractiveness of their titles. One might almost apply to a book the old adage, "Give a dog a bad name and kill it." Many a valuable work has fallen still-born on the world through lack of a taking title. But nowadays, however, authors are not in the habit of erring in this direction, but too often imitate the fault for which Montaigne is sometimes censured, of giving to his essays titles unjustified by anything found in the subject matter. But Montaigne's fault was not of intention; his vagrant pen led him wherever it would, and on sitting down to begin one of his delightful rambles through thought-land he had no notion where he would bring up. Novelists especially affect the sensational and unique, as, for example, *Cometh up as a Flower*, *At Odds*, or the like, though Mr. Ruskin is not far behind the most fantastic of them in such bizarre in-

consistencies as *Unto this Last* and *Sesame and Lilies*. Books so titled are often bought and read from the same impulse that prompts one to unravel a charade. In books as in men a good name often covereth a multitude of sins. Finding attractive names has become a distinct art midway between authorship and advertising, and one daily more cultivated. Many an author's thought-children are born and months old before their baptism. It is noteworthy, too, in this connection, how often of late the names of works, and especially of dramatic works, are altered for different markets, through subtle instincts of experienced purveyors to the public, that outsiders can no more comprehend than the forewarning which hushes the song-birds before the storm. In a thousand places we can see how important names are, and how they are daily increasing in importance. There is no use in denying it; it is better to be a Harcourt than a Higginbotham, and to call one's book *Scapes* and *Scrambles* than *Notes and Sojourn*, and to ask a young lady to share one's home in Richmond or Montpelier than in Oshkosh or Podunk or Swampscot, or that mellifluous nook in Cayuga County, Hell's Half Acre. Better! It is broadcloth to a man's back, invitations on his table, credit at his tailor's, money in his purse—actual capital in life, a satisfaction in death, and a sweet savor to posterity.

## DR. HOLMES ON ORTHOEPEY.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL resembles a polyhedron. Being many-sided it touches humanity and society at many points, chiefly with its sharp and unaccommodating edges. A more experienced novelist than Dr. Holmes would have rounded down the hard angles and produced, if not a perfect sphere, at least a pleasingly amorphous body, rolling lightly over the world's asperities. It is moreover an irregular polyhedron, its limiting planes being neither uniform nor equal. The medical face, for instance, bears an undue proportion to the others. If the finished work were turned over on that side it would rest on a firm basis. It is hardly fair to cavil with the genial professor because his performance savors of the pharmacopeia and dissecting-table. All his writings have been similarly flavored, and it would be difficult to estimate the value of the sound medical and anatomical knowledge that has been broadcast, like ground-bait, in *The Atlantic*. A useful family hand-book, a sort of popular introduction to Marcy, might be compiled from the Autocrat, the Professor, Elsie, and the Angel, covering the wide space between carious molars and religious hysteria. The doctor's preface seems to claim for his two novels the elevated rank of studies of the reflex function in its higher sphere. As if this were not sufficiently exhaustive we are further told, in effect, that another surface reflects veally versifiers, while yet another, with striking originality it must be confessed, is devoted to ungracious pastors, a race gauged by Ophelia, centuries ago, in words that fit the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stokers of to-day.

Going still further past the cynical plane, the anti-quarian plane, and others of equal variety, we come upon orthoepey. There is not a great deal of it, but what there is shows that attention has been bestowed upon the subject, and that Dr. Holmes has joined the ramblers among words without trusting himself very far on debatable ground. He has shown a tendency in this direction before, through the mild expedient of holding up provincialisms to ridicule. Like dreams, the doctor's examples go by contraries; or, rather, following the Spartan custom, certain Helots of words in a state of phonetic inebriety are paraded in order to warn all right-minded persons against imitating so loathsome a habit.

Provincialisms, however, grow stale at last, and even the diphthongal "aow" loses its relish by age. Its fitness as a peculiar type of Americanism may also be questioned, for the same sound is current in the greater part of her Majesty's dominions. In London, the popular speech wavers between the Cockney "pun" and the more refined "paound" in expressing the unit alike of currency and weight, and in all parts of the sun-setless realm, from Middlesex to Australia, "taowns" and "caows" are as recklessly mispronounced as in New England. Like many other so-called Yankeeisms, our Puritan ancestors are probably responsible for its introduction. Whatever may be its pedigree, Dr. Holmes and kindred authors have not been slow to appreciate its worth, and have put it through an unmerciful round of paces and leaps, until the advisability of sending it to the knackers, or turning it out to graze, becomes manifest. The obnoxious vocal is aired conspicuously a few times in *The Guardian Angel*, notably on page 370, where the youths of Ox-bow Village convey to Gifted Hopkins the information



that Clement Lindsay has been seen "raound taown;" and further, that he is "prawolin' about." Dr. Holmes has merely introduced this form incidentally. His main effort has been directed to a comparison of the differing standards of pronunciation in two great cities. One would hesitate to call it a study of metropolitan orthoëpy in its higher sphere, for that would frighten away all but the professors and the learned ladies; but it is none the less evident that the doctor has a standard of his own to which all educated persons are expected to conform. In the absence of any direct statement explaining his views, they must be eliminated from his writings.

Proceeding in the Spartan method, Dr. Holmes sets up, in their bare enormity, certain habits of speech which, by implication, are to be avoided. To do this, he introduces a diamond-cut-diamond contest between a Boston girl and a New York girl at a fashionable city school. Each speaks in the *patois* supposed to be peculiar to her section, and it is needless to say that the Down-easter has the last word. To infer the correct pronunciation by a species of inductive reasoning, founded on the assumption that the sound, as set forth in the doctor's phonetics, is inaccurate, is not, perhaps, the most direct way of arriving at the desired point. Still, as no other method is open, it becomes necessary to analyze the following preternaturally brilliant dialogue, in order to arrive at Dr. Holmes's standard:

"Don't you think she's vurry good-lookin'?" said a Boston girl to a New York girl. "I think she's real poety."  
"I dew, indeed. I didn't think she was haäf so handsome the féeest time I saw her," answered the New York girl.  
"What a pity she hadn't been bawn in Bawston!"  
"Yes, and moved very young to Ne Yock!"  
"And married a sarsaparilla man, and lived in Fiff Avenoo, and moved in the fust society."  
"Better dew that than be strong-mained, and dew your own cook'n, and live in your own kitch'n."  
"Don't forget to send your card when you are Mrs. Old Dr. Jacob!"  
"Indeed I shañt. What's the name of the alley, and which bell?"  
The New York girl took out a memorandum-book as if to put it down.  
"Hadt'n you better let me write it for you, dear?" said the Boston girl.  
"It is as well to have it legible, you know."  
"Take it," said the New York girl. "There's tew York shill'ns in it when I hand it to you."  
"Your whole quarter's allowance, I bullieve—ain't it?" said the Boston girl.—Page 262.

Taking for granted that words of abnormal orthography deviate from the proper orthoëpy, and are therefore to be censured, it simplifies matters to arrange such words by themselves in parallel columns, thus:

Boston.	New York.
vurry	dew
lookin'	haäf
poety	féeest
bawn	Ne Yock
Bawston	Boston
Fiff Avenoo	Fifth Avenue
fust	first
forgot	forgot
whole	whole
bullieve	believe
	shill'ns
	shillings

These can be divided into several groups. That in which a consonant, or half-accented vowel, or sometimes both, are elided to indicate a phrase slurred over, is of slight importance. Such elision is indefensible, but is oftener the result of carelessness than of ignorance. Some things may be remarked *en passant*, such as the apparent orthographic difference between "lookin'" and "cook'n," while their sounds are so nearly allied; and the enquirer is tempted to ask how "kitch'n" can be otherwise pronounced without becoming an illegitimate spondee. "Shill'ns" is vulgar and provincial, not metropolitan, and the phrase "York shill'ns," instead of originating in the Empire State, as Dr. Holmes seems to imply, comes from New England, where it was employed to distinguish the foreign coin of the assigned value of twelve and one-half cents from the native uncoined unit of sixteen and two-thirds cents.

Dr. Holmes has before—either as Autocrat or as Professor—given us the apparently preposterous combination "féeest," which would indicate the intended sound to no one not already acquainted with it, yet which, after prolonged experimentation, we own our inability to better. The mispronunciation consists of giving the *i* in "first" the combined sounds of *eu* in the French "affreux" and of *ea* in "beast." Philadelphia, however, we are very confident, and not New York, is the home of this cacophony. Another group comprises words in which the short *ü* is substituted for other vowels, also short. "Vurry" is puzzling and inexplicable, and worthy of the severest condemnation. So, in a less degree, is "bullieve," although, according to Worcester, short vowels in unaccented syllables have so nearly the same sound that it is difficult to distinguish between them. "Fust" would seem to be exclusively Bostonian, as the young lady from our city is assigned a totally different phonogram for the same word.

"Bawn" has been a stumbling-block to many, for, even by educated rhymesters, "morn" and "dawn"

are linked unfittingly. Emerson, although avoiding this well-worn couplet, has mated "poured" with "abroad," the only difference being that they do not accord as well. "Bawston" is not so clear. Evidently it is to be uttered in some other way, but how? Is it Böstön (as in jostle) or Böstön (as in post)? Neither is tenable, so we must fall back on the doctor's orthoëpy, which in this instance is tolerably good. A gentle drawl will give something like Bawst'n, which is, perhaps, the intended sound.

Passing over "poety" as uncharacteristic ("pitty" is a favorite substitute), "forgit" as Hibernian, and "whole" as a mild way of saying "hull," which usage has been ably denounced by the Autocrat himself, the remaining expression assigned to the Boston girl is "Fiff Avenoo." Clearly wrong! Had Dr. Holmes's typical damsel conversed with any resident, she would at once have caught the correct sound, Fithav'nnew or, sometimes, Fith Avvynoo. It is contrary to the usage of the *ton* to recognize the solitary *f* in fifth, but Dr. Holmes generously gives two.

New York's turn coming next, it may be premised that "Ne Yock" is as completely Southern as She-cawgah is Western. Particular emphasis is laid on "dew," which is thrice given in the compass of five short paragraphs; with its analogue "tew." This has usually been accounted a Yankeeism, and Judge Haliburton's dialogues relied mainly on their countless "dew tells" for their verisimilitude. Our present authority aims to convey the impression that it is not peculiar to New England, but, on the contrary, appertains to New York. Here is a difference of opinion with a vengeance, and the situation opens a very pretty quarrel as it stands. Nobody has any wish to pronounce "strong-minded" as in the foregoing extract; for the custom, if extended to similar cases, would surely cause confusion between reminder and remainder. There is a queer London drawl which prolongs the *i* sound so that its diphthongal nature is perceptible; but it would be difficult to render it by any known combination of English sounds. The French "Ay" and the German "Mainz" come near it. Is this what Dr. Holmes has attempted to show?

Lastly come "haäf" and "shañt't." Both seem to be alike; but, on examination, "shañt't" can be separated into its integers, while "haäf" cannot. "Can't" may be added and treated in the same way, the two being evidently contractions of *shall not* and *cannot*. The question of their elegance is not under consideration. They are customary colloquial terms, differing in pronunciation according to locality, so as to be, in a measure, the distinguishing shibboleths of our country. One section says "shahn't" and "cahn't"; the other "shañt't" and "cañt't." By the first system it becomes necessary, when separating the components, to assign the prefixes the sounds *shahl* and *cahn*. If this be correct, then it is allowable and even elegant to say of a good-looking fellow that he is a hahndsome mahn. Does Dr. Holmes favor this usage? The Autocrat has recorded his disapprobation of it, and the author of *The Guardian Angel* renews it, in a covert way, by making the village wiseacre call Master Byles Gridley (the Angel) "a smart mahn, but not prahctical" (page 39). The truth is that the orthoëpy of "shahn't" and "cahn't" is borrowed from English usage, of which no more need be said than that it allows the phrase "blahsted nahsty day" to pass muster. Nevertheless it serves, and will long serve, to mark the boundary between the Eastern and Central states, and "cahn't" will always be as distinct from "cañt't" as the "pah and mah" of New York from the "pay and may" of Philadelphia, which, in turn, can never be confounded with the "paw 'n' maw" of Baltimore.

As an orthoëpist it is not likely that Dr. Holmes will form a quartette with the great trio of doctors, to wit, Walker, Webster, and Worcester. As a novelist he might do better, and could not well do worse, than in *The Guardian Angel*. But as a genial satirist and kindly cynic he takes a rank pre-eminently his own, and stands ready to give as vicious digs through the faults of his species as Byles Gridley, M.A., to impute the vapid blunders of *The Banner and Oracle*.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### NEWTON'S INADVERTENCIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The publication of my letter of December 3 warrants me, I think, in briefly offering to your circle of scholars and gentlemen a few additional suggestions.

The great Newton, almost superhuman as he was, was not wholly free from that peculiar infirmity of profound minds which sometimes causes them, when intent upon a system, to overlook near and simple facts that annul the

whole of their elaborate reasoning and level their system to the dust. It is to one or two facts which, when properly considered, are sufficient of themselves to destroy the received theories of astronomy, that I now respectfully invite attention.

1. When a projectile is discharged horizontally near the earth's surface, the force of gravity influences it in every respect precisely as if no projectile force had acted. In any given number of seconds the projectile goes just as far toward the earth's centre as if gravity had acted alone. [?—Ed. R. T.] What does this show? Clearly, that no impulsive force acting in the direction of a tangent can counterbalance gravity. The impulsive force drives the body forward, but the body none the less goes all the time toward the centre just as rapidly as if it had received no lateral impulse. The sole effect of the impulsive force is to change the direction from which the body approaches the centre. The great Newton and all his followers, overlooking this simple fact, have fallen into the absurdity of supposing that gravity and an impulsive force, when applied to the planets, will produce a different result from that which they produce at or near the earth's surface. But it is clear that the same forces must always produce the same result, and that consequently a primitive projection of the planets in right lines will not counterbalance the sun's attraction. It is easy to analyze Newton's reasoning, and see how even he was betrayed into this strange misconception. Taking times indefinitely small, he supposed gravity to exert but a single impulse at the same time that the projectile force gives a single impulse; and he thence assumed that gravity would act in all respects like an impulsive force, and that the body would describe the diagonal of a parallelogram. But this assumption, so far from being true, is directly the reverse of the truth. The nature of gravity is essentially different from that of an impulsive force, and by no mere expedient of dividing time into infinitesimal parts can this difference of natures be eradicated. An impulsive force simply accomplishes its effect *parallel to its own direction*, but gravity accomplishes its effect *in the direction of the centre*. An impulsive force drives a body indifferently toward any point in a given straight line; but gravity, according to Newton's own hypothesis, pulls the body at all times *in the direction of one and the same fixed point*. Consequently, if the sun would pull the earth through twenty-five miles in the first hour when no impulsive force acts, he will pull her through precisely the same distance when a projectile force is acting, which would impel her through sixty-eight thousand miles per hour. At the end of the hour, the earth will be at once twenty-five miles nearer the sun and sixty-eight thousand miles from the point at which the two forces first acted on her; and so on during each successive hour, making allowance for the accelerating nature of gravity. Consequently, if gravity is a *vera causa*, as the Newtonians insist, we need another force, acting from the centre outward, to keep the planets from falling to the sun.

2. In regard to the acceleration of a planet's velocity in its orbit by gravity, the great Newton fell into another misconception which, with proper audacity in the service of truth, I pronounce not less surprising than the one just mentioned. He supposes that when gravity acts at an acute angle to the tangent it increases the planet's centrifugal force. He reaches this conclusion by resolving gravity into two forces, one of which accelerates the planet's velocity in its orbit. But thus to split up and scatter around a force which, according to his own hypothesis, expends its whole power always in the direction of a fixed point, is not allowable. Waiving this objection, the resolution as made is false in principle and delusive in its result. Before the resolution, gravity is supposed to draw the body away from the tangent and make it move in the curve. Therefore, when we resolve the force we have no right to represent one of the components as defeating or diminishing a result which, by the very terms of the hypothesis itself, the whole force accomplishes. Consequently, just to the degree in which we represent one part of the resolved force as driving the body away from the centre, we must represent the other part as drawing the body inward from the curve; so that the two component forces may counterpoise each other and accomplish what we have supposed the whole force to do. It is difficult, if not impossible, to give this reasoning its full effect without the aid of a diagram. This every reader who is a scholar can draw for himself, and I request that each do it; but if my reasoning is questioned, I pledge myself to demonstrate at any time the proposition that gravity can never increase a planet's centrifugal force.

3. Newton alleges that the inertia of a revolving body tends to throw it from its orbit at a tangent. This I deny, and affirm that the inertia of a revolving body would cause it to move for ever in a curve; for, when a body is revolving, its particles have different velocities, and as each particle, if not disturbed, will preserve its own particular velocity for ever, the body will move for ever in a curve.

I hope to be pardoned for adding, certainly in no cynical spirit, that, strange and melancholy as the long reign of the Ptolemaic system and its cumbrous absurdities may seem to us, future generations will probably find equal food for wonder and humility in the fact that such a system as the one now prevalent ruled over the proudest and most boastful ages of the Christian civilization.

Very respectfully,

THE AUTHOR OF *Prometheus in Atlantis*.

JANUARY 20, 1863.



## REMINISCENCES BY DR. MACKENZIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I beg leave to say, having edited the *Odoherty Papers*, that the poem about the Dodo Solitaire cannot be found therein, not having been written by Dr. Maginn. Neither was Ingoldsby Barham its author. It was first published, twenty years ago, by William Jerdan in *The (London) Literary Gazette*, and was struck off in a heat at a meeting of the British Association, held in Oxford or Cambridge. Professor Edward Forbes (elected to the chair of natural history in the University of Edinburgh in 1853) wrote the verses as a *skit* upon the philosophers, and I have heard him sing them, among other places, at the table of Mr. J. G. Lough, the English sculptor. Professor Forbes died in November, 1854, and the chaunt of the Dodo appeared in his literary papers, collected and published in 1855, and in his biography, published in 1861. The notorious Major Yelverton married Edward Forbes's widow—she having considerable property in her own right.

I see it mentioned in *The Round Table* that the celebrated H. B. caricatures, by Captain John Doyle, covered a space "from the time of the Duke of Wellington's to Lord Melbourne's ministry." That is, from January, 1828, to the end of August, 1841. But I am positive, relying on a memory which has rarely deceived me, that Mr. Thomas McLean, of the Haymarket, presented me, in 1845, with an H. B. portrait of Sir William Follett, who died that year, and, in 1848, with that of Mr. Charles Butler.

Having made two corrections, let me ask for information. In some obituary notices of my excellent friend, Peter Force, of Washington, just deceased, full of years and honors, I find him set down as *General* Peter Force. In what branch of the army, and at what time, was he commissioned as general? If not so commissioned, why is the title given by journalists who certainly ought to know better?

Mr. Charles Kean was scarcely "educated at Eton." He was not much more than twelve months at that school, and, as *The Round Table* hints, made a great deal of capital, in after life, of "the advantageous connections thus originally established."

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

PHILADELPHIA, February 1, 1868.

## THE CLASSICAL QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: You doubtless thought that your comments upon my letter, in your issue of the 18th ult., would make that somewhat unfortunate attempt to enliven your columns my last one. As however you lay some stress upon the arrogant presumption with which I have undervalued the judgment of Mr. Lowe and yourself, perhaps you will allow me a word, not indeed of excuse, but of palliation. I have had a life-long experience in reading and teaching Latin and Greek, and I come of a race who, from time immemorial, for generation after generation, have devoted their lives and energies to the same branches of study. From Wirt's Blind Preacher of Virginia down to the youngest and humblest of us, we have been classic-taught and classic-teaching men. Now, in the course of this practical experience of teaching both the ancient and modern languages, I have had constant and increasing evidence of the immense superiority of the former over the latter as disciplinary agents. I have, for year after year, watched the wonderful growth and development of a youth's mind under the influence of these powerful stimulants. I have seen his face flush and his frame quiver over the sublime creations of a Greek tragedy. I have observed his eyes sparkle and his voice tremble even over the legend of "the intolerably insipid pious Æneas." I must confess that I have not had an opportunity of comparing with this last-mentioned effects of the Holy Graal, which you consider to be so immeasurably superior to the great Roman epic; but I have no doubt that the study of it would, in no small degree, invigorate a youthful intellect, for you know the story (one of the stories, rather!) about the Holy Graal was that "Joseph of Arimathea, who had been in the house where Jesus Christ took His last supper with His Apostles, there made the plate off of which the Son of God had eaten; he possessed himself of it, carried it home, and made use of it to collect the blood which flowed from His side and His wounds, and this plate is called the Saint Graal." We are furthermore told that the aforesaid Joseph of Arimathea did cross the sea "to that place which is now called England, but was then called Great Britain; and crossed it ('sans aviron au pan de sa chemise') without oars, with the tail of his shirt for a sail!!!!" Ah! sir, only think of that! How a boy's fancy would revel over the picture of Joseph of Arimathea crossing the English Channel in an open boat, without oars and with the tail of his shirt for a sail! Sir, it is gorgeous; I don't blame you for preferring it to the *Æneid*; I would prefer it myself, I suspect, if I did not have my bread to make by admiring Virgil. As it is, the Graal pushes the Mantuan Bard very closely in my estimation, I assure you.

But this interesting little story has drawn me a great distance from my vindication. I resume. I do not suppose that Mr. Lowe, with all his statesmanship, or that you, with all of your knowledge (including that of the Holy Graal; vide supra!), have ever taught for an hour in your respective lives. Surely I am not arrogant nor foolishly presumptuous, even if I do speak in a measure *ex cathedra*, in expressing my opinion freely and firmly and forcibly upon the only thing in the world I profess to know anything about,

\* From Robert Borron.

viz., teaching! I should be silly and disgustingly arrogant indeed if I should undertake to advise Mr. Lowe upon some great problem in the world of politics and statesmanship, or yourself upon any point of art, criticism, or polite learning; but when I argue upon the best agencies for educating a youthful mind, I am hardly ready to apply to myself "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*." If educational reform ever begins at all (and an all-wise God knows how much it is needed!), I am of opinion that the reformation will be inaugurated and directed by those whose profession naturally fits them for the task, viz., by the teachers throughout the world. I know not what disposition it may please you to make of this—whether to insert it into your columns or between the bars of your grate. Should you think farther comment from yourself necessary, will you pardon me for suggesting to you that there are other and milder methods of correcting a mistake (granting that one has been made) than by applying to its author—who, though a stranger to fame and to the editor of *The Round Table*, hopes that he is a gentleman—the epithet "impertinent," or by characterizing his course as "directly irreconcilable with honesty"?

WILLIAM HENRY WADDELL,  
University of Georgia.

JANUARY, 1858.

## THE ATHENÆUM AND THE REV. DR. MARCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: *The Round Table* of Saturday last contains a brief paragraph, in which it is said that a Scottish divine and myself are "pilloried by *The Athenæum* for a flagrant act of plagiarism." The writer of the paragraph affirms that, in the book entitled *Walks and Homes of Jesus*, I have "appropriated, thought by thought, almost sentence by sentence, the substance of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Holy Land*." And I find, by reference to *The Athenæum*, of which Mr. Dixon himself is the editor, the still stronger assertion that "nearly the whole book called *Walks and Homes of Jesus* is lifted out of Mr. Dixon's pages."

If *The Round Table* had inserted the "columns of parallelisms" from *The Athenæum*, so that its readers might judge for themselves how far I may deserve the pillory, in company with my fellow-victim, the Scotsman, I should have been content. As it is, I must beg your permission to speak to the people from the pillory itself.

Mr. Dixon's preface is dated "Lady Day, 1865," so I suppose the book must have appeared in this country some time in the course of that year. The English edition of *Walks and Homes of Jesus* contains 224 pages. Now, I can prove, by double record made at the time and by many living witnesses, that eighty-two pages of my book were written and published from the pulpit ten years before the date of Mr. Dixon's preface. I can prove, in like manner, that 148 of the 224 pages were written and so made public at different times before Mr. Dixon gave the world the benefit of his romantic pilgrimage to Palestine. Of the 76 remaining pages, only 14 could have received any possible suggestion or improvement from Mr. Dixon's brilliant and imaginative book. And I shall be very much obliged to Mr. Dixon if, by any amount of study and comparison, he can point out the fourteen pages which were written with his book at hand for reference. And I shall be as greatly obliged to anybody who will find in my book a single statement which cannot be substantiated by good and reliable authorities, entirely independent of Mr. Dixon.

I would not say anything to the disadvantage of Mr. Dixon's *Holy Land*. It is bright and lively from beginning to end. It reads very much like the sentences in *The Athenæum*'s article about "looting," "negus," "tepid water," and "scissors," and it is amusing enough to make the reader laugh even at his own expense. But I never knew it to be quoted as an authority. *The Athenæum*, being in Mr. Dixon's hands, may be expected to guard the reputation of Mr. Dixon's book with jealous care. But it should have more regard for its own good name than to charge my fellow-sufferer, the Scotsman, with appropriating from Mr. Dixon, just because he ventured to put "Holy Land" into the double title of his book, or because his publisher inserted a picture looking very much like Mr. Dixon's original frontispiece, but which they can prove was engraved for them ten years before Mr. Dixon's *Holy Land* appeared. And I do think *The Athenæum* is too careless of its high reputation when charging me with "lifting nearly the whole of my book out of Mr. Dixon's pages," when I can prove that two-thirds of my book were written before Mr. Dixon's was published, and in the portion written subsequently nobody but myself can designate the fourteen pages which had the benefit of such suggestions as Mr. Dixon's book could afford.

But more than this, *The Athenæum* greatly mistakes the aim and "pretension" of the very humble little book which it reviews so sharply. It is not a book of travels. It expressly disclaims all original investigation. The author does not "let you see by accident" that he has never been in Palestine. For nothing of importance to the leading purpose of the book is made to depend upon the question whether he has been there or not. What is said of the country is only incidental to the main practical theme. It is simply a book of sermons, or religious lectures, delivered to a congregation in the ordinary course of ten years' service as a parish minister. It was first issued from the press by a religious publication committee, with no expectation that it would bring profit or honor to the author. It was intended simply for distribution, like the books of Tract and

Sunday-school societies, without a thought that it would ever draw the attention of so high and mighty an authority as *The London Athenæum*. It was humbly supposed that it might be read by Sabbath-school children and simple-minded Christians, with some degree of interest to themselves and without any damage to Mr. Dixon or anybody else. If Mr. Dixon's feelings are hurt by anything that I have said or failed to say, he must be a much more sensitive man than I had taken him to be. And I would venture to suggest that the august impersonality of *The Athenæum* should be more cautious, even while putting very feeble authors into the "pillory," lest its own mighty talons should be taken in the trap, and the world should lose the pleasure of witnessing its daring flights in criticism.

DANIEL MARCH.

PHILADELPHIA, January 28, 1868.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.\*

III.

DISGUSTED with the fruits of his ambition, Frank returns to his native village, to marry Déidamia and follow the path and *douce folie* of love. An hour before the wedding is to take place, when the young couple are in the ecstasies of love, Belcolore appears and, watching an opportunity, stabs Déidamia to the heart. Πολλά μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικος καὶ χεῖλος ἄκρον.

Rolla is a story of a young man, the prince of Parisian debauchees, who, at nineteen years of age, finds himself his own master, without any profession, but possessed of a considerable sum of money. Hating labor, "he took three purses of gold, and for three years he lived in the sunshine, heedless of laws; and never did son of Adam, under the blessed light, from east to west, carry over the earth a larger contempt for peoples and kings. Alone, he walked naked in this masquerade which we call life, talking aloud. . . . His was a noble heart, simple as infancy, good as pity, great as hope. He would never believe in his poverty. The armor he wore did not fit; it was good at best for a day of battle, and that day was short as a summer night." The end of the third year arrives and Rolla is at his last pistol, which he resolves to spend upon a night of debauchery, giving his friends notice that none of them shall ever see him again alive.

"Three years—the fairest years of fair young life,  
Three years of pleasure—drunk delirium—  
About to vanish as a fleeting dream,  
Or distant warblings of a passing bird.  
And this sad night—the night of death—the last—  
Whereon the agonizing yet make prayers,  
Although the lips be mute—when for the guilty  
All is so near to God that all 's forgiven—  
He came to pass it with a child of shame,  
He, Christian, man, son of a man! And she,  
That wretched thing, a blade of grass, a child,  
Slept on her open bier awaiting him."

Here follows a powerful passage of considerable length on the horrors and the causes of prostitution, from which we make a few excerpts:

"Eternal chaos! childhood prostituted!  
Were it not better on that helpless bed  
To gash that lovely body with a scythe,  
To take that snowy neck and twist its bones?  
Were it not better on her face to bind  
A mask of quicklime with an iron glove,  
Than on the surface make a limpid stream,  
Reflecting all the flowers and wandering stars,  
And yet pollute its depths with hellish drugs?"

"O Want! O Want! 'tis thou that art the harlot,  
'Tis thou hast pushed into that bed this child,  
Whom Greece had cast upon Diana's altar.  
Behold! she prayed to-night before she slept.  
She prayed! Great God, to whom? Thee here below.  
On her two knees she must beseech and pray.  
'Twas thou that, murmuring in the breeze of heaven,  
Amid the sighs of bitter sleeplessness,  
Didst one night whisper in her mother's ear:  
Thy child is fair and pure; such things are sold!  
'Twas thou didst wash her for the godless rite,  
E'en as the dead are washed to meet the tomb;  
Aye, it was thou, that night, when she arrived  
Didst run, by lightning's flashes, in her cloak!  
Alas! who knows the destiny for which,  
Had bread been given her, she had been born?"

Ye pity her not, women of this world,  
Who live on gayly in profound afflict  
Of all that is not rich and gay like you.

Ah! ye have never seen pale Hunger's ghost  
Lift up the linen of your couch, and sing,  
And touching with its ghastly lip your mouth,  
Demand a favor for a piece of bread."

"Sleepst thou content, Voltaire, and does thy smile  
Flit hideous yet upon thy fleshless bones?"

- \* I. *Premières Poésies*, 1829 à 1835. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- II. *Poésies Nouvelles*, 1836 à 1852. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- III. *Comédies et Proverbes*. Edition la seule complète revue et corrigée par l'auteur. Deux tomes. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- IV. *La Confession d'un enfant du siècle*. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- V. *Nouvelles*. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- VI. *Contes*. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- VII. *Œuvres posthumes*. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.



Thy age, they said, to read thee was too young;  
Ours must delight thee, for thy men are born.  
'Tis fallen on us, that mighty edifice,  
Which, with large hands, thou sappedst night and day.  
Death must have waited longingly for thee,  
In all the eighty years thou courtedst her.  
Ye must love surely with a hellish love.

Thinkst thou thy mission worthily achieved,  
And, like th' Almighty on creation's day,  
Seest thou that it is good—thy work is well?  
I bid thee to the feast then of my host.  
Thou only hast to rise;—one sups to-night,  
With whom the Master may go in and sit.

O sacrifice! two angels and no love,  
Two hearts as pure as gold, which saintly hosts,  
Seeing their loveliness, would bear to God.

Seest thou, old Arouët? That living man,  
Whose fiery kisses cover that fair breast,  
Shall sleep to-morrow in a narrow tomb.  
Wouldst thou cast certain envious looks on him?  
Be tranquil; he has read thee. Nought can give  
Him consolation or a ray of hope.  
If unbelief becomes a science yet,  
They'll speak of Jacques, and thou wouldst not profane  
Thy tomb if thou shouldst bear him there to-night.  
But yet, dost thou believe, if any hope—  
The slenderest thread—yet held him, he would come  
Upon this bed to prostitute his death?  
His death!—Ah! leave him but the slightest thought  
'Tis but the entrance to some hideous place—  
The most appalling ev'n—he will not fear.  
He'll lift her up, that fair young bride of his,  
And watch her soaring into space to bear  
His heart's gold key before the living God.

And what remains for us, the decides?  
For whom then toiled ye, blind demolishers,  
When on His altar ye dissected Christ?  
What would ye sow upon His heavenly tomb,  
When to the wind ye cast the bleeding dove,  
That, whirling, drops to the eternal gulf?  
Ye thought to mould man to your fantasy,  
And make a world. Ah! well, and ye have done it.  
Your man is perfect and your world superb!  
The heights are levelled, and the plain is cleared;  
Right cunningly ye pruned the tree of life,  
And all is order on your railroad tracks;  
All's great, all fair—but in your air we die.  
Ye make it vibrate with your lofty words;  
They float afar on pestilential winds;  
Yea, they have shaken hideous idols' thrones;  
But all the birds of heaven are scared thereby.  
Hypocrisy is dead, none trusts the Priest;  
But virtue dies and no one trusts in God.  
No more the noble boasts of ancient blood;  
He prostitutes it in a den of shame.  
No more we mangle thought and curb the stage,  
Free scope is opened to the mind of man;  
But bull-fights soon will be the people's cry.  
When one is poor and proud, or rich and sad,  
He's not the fool to try the trappist's game;  
He sleeps, like Escousse, by a pan of coals."

The end of the story is that, at daybreak, Rolla drinks  
a vial of poison—

"Then, bending over her, he kissed her neck.  
But when she lifted up his heavy head,  
He was no longer but a lifeless thing.  
In that chaste kiss his soul had fled away,  
And for a single moment both had loved."

A death-bed repentance and turning to—love!

We have given large extracts from these poems,  
because they show, more clearly than any analysis  
could do, the thought-system of the author. His ex-  
quisite versification cannot, of course, be reproduced in  
a translation; fidelity to the thought and expression  
is all that has been attempted. Of the remaining  
poems the best are *Esprit en Dieu*, from which a pas-  
sage has been quoted; *Namouna*, whose subject places  
it beyond the sphere of analysis, and the *Nights*, which  
show the poet in his best moods. There is truth in  
the following lines:

"Say wouldst thou love the fields, the flowers, the green,  
Petrarch's sonnets, and the song-bird's note,  
Angelo and the arts, Shakespeare and Nature,  
Didst thou not find some bygone sighs in them?  
Wouldst thou perceive heaven's nameless harmony,  
Night's silence, and the murmur of the waves,  
Unless somewhere the feverish sleeplessness  
Had made thee think of the eternal rest?"

But even here we have hints of the omnipresent  
hopelessness—nature and art suggesting no promise  
but that of everlasting rest in the grave. Each poem  
indeed is an episode in the history of a mind endowed  
with genius and delicate sensibilities, but deficient in  
the moral faculties; striving to find satisfaction in  
the life of the animals, *qua Natura finxit prona atque obe-*  
*dientia ventri*, failing in complete ignorance of the  
reason, and then raising a doleful howl to the deaf  
powers of a God-forsaken universe.

The aim of the *Confession*, which ought to be con-  
sidered, along with the poems, as complementary to  
and explanatory of them, is stated by the author:  
"Having been attacked while yet young by an abomi-  
nable moral disease, I relate what happened to me  
during three years. If I were the only person infected,  
I should say nothing; but as there are many others  
who suffer from the same malady, I write for them,  
though I am not sure that they will listen to me."  
After powerfully depicting the circumstances which  
led him to the adoption of such a strange religion as

that of love, he shows how, from being a pious devo-  
tee and faithful worshipper, he became an infidel and  
a blasphemer. Infidelity is, of course, unfaith in love  
—jealousy; blasphemy is debauchery. The cause of  
the whole is the infidelity of a mistress—a young  
widow—whom he has loved with all the ardor of a  
first passion, and who seems to have loved him sin-  
cerely though not exclusively. His rival is his bosom  
friend, with whom he fights a duel of course, and is  
wounded. The double blow, coupled with the scoffs  
of some reprobate friends, makes him a blasphemer.  
Deeply affected, however, by the death of his father,  
he resolves to return from his backslidings, and finds  
another patron saint. But faith, once thoroughly sha-  
ken, is not easily re-established, and so he finds no  
rest or happiness in his new homage, notwithstanding  
that the saint treats him as a child, and is ready to  
sacrifice herself for his happiness. Suspecting that  
she desires to favor another votary—a very correct  
young Englishman—he determines, after a long so-  
liloquy, as theatrical as it is morbid, to kill her in her  
sleep. As he bares her bosom, however, for the bloody  
deed, he perceives a small ebony crucifix, and shrinks  
back in terror. Not that he believes in Christ him-  
self; but he knows that his mistress does, and he feels  
in his very soul "what wretches those men are who  
have ever made a mockery of what can save one  
being!" A *Deus ex machina*, surely! Finding in  
the pocket of her dress, which slips from a chair ex-  
actly at the proper moment, a letter to the young Eng-  
lishman, in which she confesses her love for him, but  
at the same time her determination to sacrifice herself  
to redeem her present votary from infidelity, the  
latter magnanimously yields her up, and "an hour  
after a post-chaise crossed the hill behind the barrier  
of Fontainebleau. The young man was in it alone;  
he cast a last look on his native city, and thanked  
God that, of three beings who had suffered by his  
fault, there remained only one wretched." So ends  
the book.

Anything more unhealthy than this production, not-  
withstanding its many brilliant passages, it would not  
be very easy to conceive. Confessions and histories  
of diseases are not very salutary at any time, even  
when they end with moral victory and health. Silence  
is the eloquence of suffering. On closing such a book  
as this, one is affected by a painful feeling of how ex-  
ceedingly ignoble are even the sufferings of a man  
shipwrecked on the sea of passion—how even genius  
cannot redeem them and make them other than con-  
temptible. The world does well to scorn such. Shall  
we parody the *Worship of Sorrow*?

De Musset's tales and comedies may be passed  
over briefly. Though lighter in style than the poems,  
they everywhere breathe the same tone and moral.  
Of the *Comedies and Proverbs*, twelve (one being in  
the *Posthumous Works*) are comedies and five proverbs,  
the latter being merely comedies with connotative  
names, e. g., *Swear not at all*, *One can't think of*  
*everything*, etc. The best of these were written for  
the amusement of the author's private friends, and  
afterwards brought upon the stage with great *clat*.  
Those written expressly for the public stage are, for  
the most part, inferior. They are nearly all tales of  
intrigue, and the plots resemble those of Beaumar-  
chais. They contain much brilliant wit and smart  
repartee, with a good many wise sayings, in the style  
of the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld or the *Tablets* of  
Lemesle. The heroes are, for the most part, libe-  
rines of the Rolla stamp, and the heroines women of  
questionable virtue. The best of these productions  
are: *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, which,  
though short, is exceedingly amusing and well sus-  
tained; and *Lorenzaccio*, which, as well as another,  
*André del Sarto*, ought to be called a tragedy. *Loren-*  
*zaccio* is a picture of Florentine life in the early part  
of the sixteenth century—and what a picture, O  
Machiavelli!

The tales number eleven, and are divided into  
*Contes* and *Nouvelles*, though upon what principle it  
is not easy to discover. With three exceptions, viz.,  
*Le Merle Blanc*, *Croisilles*, and *Pierre et Camille*,  
a story of two deaf mutes, they are all tales of illicit  
love and intrigue. In *Les deux Maitresses* one is a  
married lady of high rank and the other a young  
widow in poor circumstances living with her mother;  
the hero has great difficulty in choosing between them.  
In each of the tales, *Mimi Pinson*, *Le secret de Ja-*  
*votte*, and *Frédéric et Bernerette*, the heroine is a *gri-*  
*sette*; in *Emmeline*, a married woman, and in *La mouche*,  
the Pompadour. In *Le fils du Titien*, which takes us  
back to the world of *Consuelo*, *Lucrezia*, and *Les Mat-*  
*tres Mosaïstes*, the heroine is a widow of patrician  
rank who surrenders herself to the son of Titian, in  
order to induce him to turn his attention to the noble

art of his father, and fails. He paints her portrait,  
and writes under it:

"Ce portrait ne vaut pas  
un baiser du modèle."

Perhaps the best of these tales is *Frédéric et Ber-*  
*nerette*, which gives a faithful picture of student-life in  
the *Quartier Latin*. The generosity, improvidence,  
feverish tenderness, gayety, helplessness, and misery  
of the poor ignorant class of women who have given  
that quarter an unpleasant notoriety are graphically  
and touchingly portrayed. The author evidently  
thinks that this class deserve to have their fine quali-  
ties and themselves recognized by society.

Bound up with the *Contes* are four *Letters on Liter-*  
*ature* which give a higher idea of Alfred de Musset's  
powers than almost anything else he has written. The  
one on romanticism is an exhaustive and exceedingly  
amusing essay. They were originally printed in the  
*Revue des Deux Mondes* in the years 1836 and 1837.  
The only pieces worthy of notice in the *Posthumous*  
*Works* are *Stances*, a poem which gives evidences of  
the dawning of a higher spirit in the poet toward the  
end of his days; and *Un Souper chez Madame Rachel*,  
which gives a pleasing idea of the private character,  
and a sad picture of the domestic relations, of the  
great *tragédienne*. The volume contains his last  
verses and several unfinished productions.

We have found few redeeming qualities in the  
works of De Musset; they contain few. They were  
the offspring of an evil time. As we again look at  
them, it is sad to think that such were and are the  
fruits of the influence which the French Revolution,  
with its oceans of blood, exerted upon the highest  
faculties of human nature. How deep must have been  
the pollution of that people whom even a bath of blood  
could not cleanse! Happy the people who, when the  
crisis of political disease is past, rise up refreshed and  
purified to find, through more delicate senses and  
with glad surprise, heaven and earth clad in richer  
hues of hope and promise than they ever were before!  
But this can happen only where the life-principle of  
the nation is duty—that "stern daughter of the voice  
of God." Where duty is absent, hope comes not;  
they are twin-born and destined not to be severed in  
time. All that lifts life out of the dust dwells with  
them and waits upon them. They are the incorrupt-  
ible jury who pronounce the verdict before the tribunal  
of life and death.

The old Hebrew saw a wondrous promise in the bow  
in the clouds; who has ever seen one of his race des-  
pair? But grander yet and far more wondrous was  
the promise revealed to the old Saxon poet, when he  
wrote of the exiles from Eden:

"Ac he (God) him to fôðfe lét hváðere forð vesan  
hyrstedne hrôf hâlgum tunglum  
and him grundvelan ginne sealde."

And from that day to this the heaven has been to the  
Saxon a roof, and the stars have been holy. He sees  
them by the light of duty. That light shines not upon  
France; in the darkness God surely sent De Musset  
as an awful threat.

#### COMETH UP AS A FLOWER.\*

WITH mingled sensations of hope and fear, of  
curiosity and interest, we welcome the advent  
of a new writer—another aspirant for the world's  
approbation; another mark for envy, malice, and de-  
traction; another adventurer on the highway to fame  
where so many have stumbled and fallen. Anxiously  
we watch the first footsteps, dreading to find exaggera-  
tion and commonplace in lieu of mental power and  
originality, and hoping to discern those unerring signs  
of genius which are indispensable to the achievement  
of permanent success. The present work goes far to  
realize our best anticipations: the writer possesses a  
remarkable degree of intellectual intrepidity; a power  
of penetrating the inmost recesses of the human heart,  
noting its terrible conflicts and sympathizing with its  
tenderest emotions; and all the scenes and characters  
are drawn with such vigor and distinctness as to com-  
mand appreciative commendation now and give  
promise of future eminence. Conspicuous among the  
numerous merits of the book is its reality; an air of  
truthfulness predominates throughout its pages; each  
personage stands forth in his or her own consistent  
individuality; each word which is uttered impresses  
us with the conviction that the speaker is a human  
being, and not an imaginary creation. The story is a  
simple narrative of events occurring daily in social  
life, and is told in the form of an autobiography, of  
which the heroine—the truly lovable, charming, warm-  
hearted Nelly Lestranger—is supposed to be the  
writer. Nelly lives with her father in a large old

\* *Cometh Up as a Flower: An Autobiography*. New York: D.  
Appleton & Co.



house, the family mansion, where of yore her ancestors held great state, but reckless extravagance had exhausted the exchequer, and in consequence, says the young lady—

"Our many thousands had dwindled to very few hundreds, and our fair acres passed into the hands of Manchester gents with fat, smug faces, who waged a war of extermination against the letter H and used big words where little ones would have done better. So the poor old house was very much out of repair, and there was no money wherewith to patch up its stout old walls."

Early in life she acquires a painful knowledge of the bitter pangs, the heartburnings and humiliations of genteel poverty, which her brief experience teaches her is the heaviest load under which a man can groan:

"The poverty of living in a wide house, not with a brawling woman, but worse—with a very narrow income; the poverty which dures not look on from month to month and from day to day; before whose inner eyes bum-baillifs are ever present; the poverty which steals away our cheerful spirits, which renders us envious and spiteful and sordid, which makes our days a long torture and our nights a long vigil, which saps the springs of our life, and sometimes ends in making us cut our throats to escape it!"

Poor Nelly's troubles were not alone occasioned by poverty, however—though that may have been one of the remote causes of her subsequent more serious griefs—but the absorbing passion of her life, her love for Richard McGregor, her hero, her "King Olaf"—this love, "which was her doom," was the source of all the happiness she ever knew, of all the misery which her gentle but passionate nature was called upon to endure. The picture of her life is a piece of pure womanly character-painting, in all respects consistent and natural, and her thoughts and aspirations are always in perfect harmony with her surroundings. Her lover is not one of the attractive loungers who dress and smoke and play Don Juan in a limited sphere; he is a frank, manly, handsome—very handsome—not intellectual, but thoroughly good-hearted fellow, with sufficient discernment to appreciate Nelly, but without money enough to justify them in marrying. McGregor is obliged to join his regiment, and takes leave of Nelly with promises of writing often and being ever faithful to his love. Before his departure, however, Nelly's sister, who has been absent from home, returns, and a more repulsive person than Miss Dolly can scarcely be conceived; indeed, it is difficult to realize the possibility of a sister's behaving with such persistent, calm, calculating wickedness; and yet she is so skillfully drawn, so admirably is her character sustained, that we are forced to acknowledge the truthfulness of the picture. Treacherous, vindictive, remorselessly cruel, Dolly was always self-poised, never startled from her serene, graceful, and polished deportment; no temptation could lead her to indulge in any unseemly outbursts of temper; secure in her own guidance, love had no influence over that selfish, passionless, bad heart. She endeavored to flirt with McGregor from no feeling even of transient love for him; on the contrary, had her nature been stronger, she might have resorted to poison or steel; as it was, she saw in him only an obstacle to Nelly's marriage with a rich baronet—one whose position might remotely prove useful to herself, and she hesitated not to sacrifice both Nelly and her lover to the furtherance of her own selfish purpose.

No word comes from McGregor—duns, bills, creditors torment the poor father, his health fails, and the old story of *Robin Gray* is enacted over again, only Sir Hugh Lancaster is not an old man, but a good-hearted, not over-attractive young one. This struggle between human love and filial duty forces our sympathies into a painful region of casuistry; Nelly's strength is tried to the utmost and in the conflict her pure, steadfast love is sacrificed. She had withstood the doubts which McGregor's silence and Dolly's sneers forced upon her, but she could not see her father's honored head bowed to the dust, and, looking bravely and resolutely upon the blight which had fallen upon and withered all her life's spring and freshness, she determines to accept Sir Hugh and try to make him happy. The scenes are full of painful interest, naturally drawn, beautiful in the tenderness which shows itself toward the death-stricken father—sad in the hopeless love which still yearns toward the lost and absent one. At length the dreary wedding-day arrived; Nelly felt none of the great joy, the rapture which such a day usually brings, poor girl, she says:

"I felt no tremor, no shyness; only a huge loathing, an infinite despair. One forgets to be coy and maidenly when one's every pulse and nerve is thrilling with a mighty horror; when, loving one man frenziedly, one is about to be delivered over bound to the tender mercies of another."

Two days after Nelly's sacrifice was accomplished her father died; died—while she alone watched beside him and closed his eyes; and after the funeral Nelly is transplanted to her husband's home. Not long after this Nelly sees McGregor again, and a terrible *décalissement* takes place, in which all her

sister's treachery is revealed. But the discovery comes too late, and nothing remains for her lover but to say farewell.

Then it was that, forgetful of all else, the cry of agony burst from that almost broken heart—"Oh! for God's sake, take me with you!"

Not for a moment did he yield to a temptation under which men of sterner natures than McGregor's might have succumbed; his love was too great to admit a thought of self; and the reproachful anguish of his refusal—"O Nell! Nell! you ought to be my good angel. Don't tempt me to kill my own soul and yours!"—restored the reason of which her great misery had for a moment bereft her, and, as she says,

"The madness died slowly, frostily out of me.

"I'm very wicked, I know," I whispered piteously; 'you don't hate me, Dick, do you, for wanting to go with you?'

"Hate you! my poor pretty darling! If you could but look into my heart and see what it is without you!"

"Great tears were standing in his honest, tender, agonized eyes—tears which don't disgrace his manhood much, I think."

And so they parted, never more to meet again on earth.

Throughout the book there are passages of truly poetic thought, and a vein of quiet humor which is really charming. The dialogue is buoyant, sometimes witty, never vulgar; and the author possesses the happy faculty of showing that earnestness and power are perfectly consistent with purity of feeling and expression, and that a book may have a deep and absorbing interest without the aid of intrigue or the meretricious accessories of vice. The mingled curiosity and admiration which this book has created have encouraged many wild speculations and intrusive conjectures as to its authorship; surely this has nothing to do with the merits of the work; the right to remain anonymous is indisputable, and, as a very sensible writer once remarked, "authorship does not convey the privilege of an undesired introduction."

#### THE STORY OF MY CHILDHOOD.\*

THE peculiar charm of this book seems to be that it has all the youthful freshness of thought and expression which belongs to the period of life it is intended mainly to present. The scenes are less tintured with mature retrospection than we usually find to be the case when the history of their early days is handled by grown-up people. The language is frank and inartificial; there is action and elasticity in the earlier scenes, which seem to be written more by the authoress for herself than for others—as children sometimes talk when they are unconscious of the presence of listeners—when, as yet, the furrows of time had left no impress upon the earnest and sensitive nature of the child; and the subsequent sorrows, which constitute a more seated and lasting recollection, are dwelt upon with tenderness and deep feeling, in which there is nothing either morbid or exaggerated. It is the history of a precociously appreciative and loving child, and of a father truly worthy of her filial devotion. Although one of six children, the writer seems to have been her father's especial favorite, his chosen companion, the one in whom he most delighted, and who returned his love with passionate fondness. Of him she says:

"My father had a sweet and penetrating voice; his dark complexion showed his southern origin, which also betrayed itself in the passionate fire of his eyes, dark, with black lashes, which softened their glance. With all their electric fire, they were not wanting in an indefinable expression of tenderness and sweetness. At sixty years of age, after a life of strange, and even tragic, incidents, which I shall narrate hereafter, his heart remained ever young and light, benevolent to all, disposed to confide in human nature—sometimes too easily. He was enthusiastic, impulsive; full of hopes, projects, and pleasant thoughts."

The description of country life in France is exceedingly interesting, and the strange impressions which each new event made upon this singular child are very pleasantly told; her thoughts seem to be so original and her experience so varied, sometimes so painful. The chapter descriptive of rural festivals brings us in contact with habits and customs with which few of us are familiar; for the story of this little girl's childhood lies in districts seldom invaded by foreign travel, and the *fêtes* and merry-makings are not such as are witnessed in towns through which railroads pass. "In the very force and vigor of these rejoicings," she says, "there is a grace and a lofty bearing unknown in the north." Illustrative of these scenes are little national songs with which the music to which they are sung is printed. First we have *L'Agnel*, then *The Song of the Bride*, the literal meaning of which is thus translated:

"He took her by the hand, and lead her to the church. 'Come, come, little bride; come with little steps.' He takes her by the hand, and leads her out to dance. 'Dance, dance, little one; don't jump too far; hold

\* *The Story of My Childhood*. By Madame J. Michelet. Translated from the French by Mary Frazier Curtis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Arnaud by the hand.' He holds her by the hand and leads her to the feast. 'Eat and drink, my little bride; and don't be choked with a bone.'"

Then follows *La Farandole*—very original in words and melody.

The idea of church-going Sunday, so different from ours, and home Sunday, so pure in its devotional piety, strikes us strangely, and yet the thought of the latter is peculiarly attractive:

"My father was never so merry as when a shower on Sunday morning prevented my mother and sister from going to mass. He knew by instinct, without perhaps saying so, even to himself, that the contrast offered by the outside world and its vain amusements, though enlivening at the moment for a young person, causes, finally, a deeper discontent with a quiet, home life. And yet, after the long week's unremitting industry, ought not one to have recreation, breathe a little more freely, and see one's friends?"

"After the ten o'clock breakfast, papa required us to read prayers together, to supply the want of public worship; and we also read the psalms aloud, both in Latin and French. We loved the Latin tongue; its sonority harmonized with that of our native dialect. We read each in turn on alternate Sundays; and, the better to imitate a priest, the officiating child almost always began in a high tone of voice, which gradually lowered itself, and often reached a touching degree of fervor. Never did children's hearts go more directly, more naturally, to the Creator."

The history of her father's early life in St. Domingo contains a remarkable account of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the grandson of a king; the slave until 1791; the "first of the blacks," as he styled himself in his address to Napoleon; the "ugly little negro," who ended his miserable life in a dungeon.

More interesting than the historical events with which her relatives were concerned are the records of personal feeling and experience which, unobtrusively, occur throughout the narrative of this gentle, appreciative, and loving daughter, this no less affectionate wife. Even so small an incident as the following may serve to indicate the true nature of the woman; when it was decided that she should go to boarding-school, the necessary preparations were commenced:

"As one by one the articles of my wardrobe were laid in my little trunk, each repaired and in good order, I looked on with pleasure and interest. My sister added some trifles which she no longer wore. I should have these things for myself alone; my little kingdom would be there. And how express what hopes, projects, what illusions to be destroyed, were comprised in that little trunk! I always prized it; and I have it still, as a relic. When my father finally set out for America, I begged him to take it with him, to carry something which belonged to me. It came back to me nearly empty, bringing a few fragments of that life in which was our life. It was worn out by the journey, and useless; but to me it was a treasure, quite the same. As a girl, I always had it with me in all my journeys. At this day it contains what is most precious to me—my husband's manuscripts. Each of the great works that mark with him the lapse of years, after it has seen the light, comes to lie here with the relics of my father."

With the death of her beloved father the present record ends; no one can read it without a feeling of deep interest, nor close the book without respect and admiration. The translator has done her work admirably. She has not only rendered the writer's language with accuracy, but has correctly represented the meaning and spirit of the work.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

##### THE AMERICAN NATURALIST. Salem, Mass.:

*The Essex Institute*.—With its February number—which reached us too late to enable us to include it in the regular survey which, as nearly as the anachronous appearance of the monthlies will permit, we endeavor to take of each fresh issue of magazines—this excellent publication concludes its first volume,—a volume of which its conductors have reason to feel very proud. Its scope we have on several occasions described, but we do not know any way in which a clearer idea can be gained of it than by a glance through the table of contents and the index of the plates and wood-cuts, which show the interesting studies in botany, zoölogy, geology, and microscopy whereto its readers have been guided during the year. In the number before us Mr. S. H. Scudder has a short paper on fossil insects discovered in the Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, and Tertiary formations in North America; Dr. Burt G. Wilder continues from previous numbers his consideration of *The Hand as an Unruly Member*, meaning thereby that its structure comes in to disturb the parallelism between the comparative anatomy of the arm and leg, the hand corresponding with the foot in the disposition of similar parts only when the joints of the arm occupy (naturally) a position the reverse of the corresponding joints of the leg, and without entering into all the theories of the symmetrical and antagonistic relations of the limbs—which he has treated at greater length on other occasions—gives a clue to the nature of these curious and attractive problems; beside which Mr. C. Fred. Hart commences an account of a trip made last summer to Brazil to examine the coral reefs of the Abrolhos Islands and the geology of Bahia; Mr. Henry Clapp, an experienced hunter and trapper of Maine, gives notes upon the fur-bearing animals of Maine and Eastern Canada and New Brunswick; Mr. E. S. Morse concludes his description of the land-snails of New England, and, lastly, come the usual scientific book-reviews, society proceedings, and miscellany. We may again repeat that no one, naturalist or not, who takes any interest in the natural sciences, can do more for the hitherto neglected popularization of natural history than by aiding the circula-



tion of this excellent little monthly, which presents in the most attractive shape matter acceptable at once to the savant and to the ordinarily intelligent general reader.

*Anne Judge, Spinster.* By Frederick W. Robinson. New York: Robert H. De Witt.—This book furnishes an example of the extent to which patient industry may be misapplied in the construction of a novel, and of the errors which a writer may be led to commit from a mistaken estimate of his own capacity. Mr. Robinson is by no means deficient in dramatic power, and is particularly happy in his descriptions of scenes and places; some of the situations are well conceived, and might, with skilful handling, be made very effective; but there seems to be no great purpose in the story, which is spun out to a wearisome length, and the dialogue is thoroughly commonplace, and therefore quite in keeping with the characters. One of the very few persons in the book to whom the gift of common sense is vouchsafed, and for whom a faint interest is awakened, is one Edward Delancey, familiarly called Ned, who deserves to be placed amid better surroundings. In the first chapter Ned arrives at the little town of Ilpham in company with Anne Judge's father, to whom he renders material assistance, receiving in return but small thanks. He submits very good-humoredly to the churlish repulse of the mysterious Mr. Judge, and betakes himself to his lodgings, where he finds an old friend awaiting his arrival, one Dr. George Day, a man of many schemes and many failures. Ned had once been engaged to Day's sister, before he was deprived of his fortune by the breaking up of a bubble company, but his reverses compelled him to relinquish the lady, and she became Lady Burlinson; her husband lived but a short time, and, at the opening of the present story, she is receiving the addresses of the rich but feeble and eccentric Hugh Ayward, whose chief delight consists in taking unnecessary trips by water and leaving a comfortable home to pass solitary nights in a broken-down boat-house. Hugh is drawn somewhat after the model of one of Wilkie Collins's characters in *No Name*; and as he is rather dilatory in making a formal proposal for the hand of Lady Burlinson, her brother—who sees in this rich marriage a means of bettering his own fortune—makes a plan to awaken Ayward's jealousy by apparently reviving the flirtation between Ned and his sister. But love has long been banished from Delancey's heart, and he declines to serve as a cat's-paw upon the occasion; a very dangerous interview takes place between him and his old love, and long explanations ensue, but he remains heart-whole, and his meeting with Ayward results in a long and lasting friendship between them. Of Anne Judge, the heroine—if so colorless a piece of humanity be entitled to such designation—we can only say that her chief merits consist in her devotion to her father and her patient endurance of Aunt Judge's very depressing society; a more unpleasant companion could scarcely have been selected for a young girl than this same aunt.

The book is morally inoffensive, and while there is a commendable absence of all sensuousness about it, there is an equal absence of vigor and originality. A gloomy atmosphere seems to surround the writer and his characters, through which he dimly discerns a number of decidedly dull people, with whom, except one, we have no desire to better our acquaintance.

*A Practical Method for the Instruction of Chorus Classes.* By F. L. Ritter. New York: C. H. Schirmer & Co.—We learn that Mr. Ritter is accomplishing great things with his chorus classes, and shall therefore cease to reproach ourselves that his excellent *Practical Method* has lain so long unnoticed. It is observable that while many compilers of methods seize on such opportunities to put their own compositions before the public, Mr. Ritter, being an acknowledged and successful composer, exercises his pupils on portions of masses by Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, and other selections from classical writers calculated to form their taste and increase their knowledge without drawing attention to what he has himself contributed for that purpose. For the rest, the book is clear, thorough, and progressive, contains no novelties and advocates no experiments, is admirably printed, and is just what is needed to enable pupils to follow the instructions of a vigorous and learned teacher.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO., New York.—White Supremacy and Negro Subordination. By J. H. Van Evrie, M.D. Pp. xvi, 339, 60. 1858.  
BANKER'S MAGAZINE, New York.—The Merchant's and Banker's Almanac for 1868. Pp. xiv, 221.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism. By John P. Brown. Pp. viii, 415. 1868.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia: Chapman & Hall, London.—With the French in Mexico. By J. F. Elton, late of the 98th Regiment, etc. Pp. xii, 205. 1867.  
CHAPMAN & HALL, London: J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.—The White Rose. By G. J. Whyte Melville. Pp. 357. 1868.  
ORANGE JUDD & CO., New York.—Cotton Culture. By Jos. B. Lyman. Pp. viii, 100.  
MOORHEAD, SIMPSON & BOND, New York.—The Dartous Diathesis, or Eczema and Its Allied Affections. By A. Hardy, M.D. Pp. xi, 94. 1868.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Dickens's New Stories, containing *Hard Times* and *Pictures from Italy*. People's edition. Pp. 500. 1858.  
JOHN WILEY & SON, New York.—Time and Tide, by Weare and Tyme. By John Ruskin, LL.D. Pp. x, 210. 1868.  
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship. Selected and arranged by J. W. Palmer, editor of *Folk Songs*. Pp. xx, 219. 1868.  
BY THE AUTHOR, New York.—Poems. By John E. Howell. In 2 vols. Vol. I. Pp. 362, 514. 1867.  
HARPER & BROS., New York.—Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from 1848 to 1861. Edited by Arthur Helps. Pp. xiv, 257. 1868.

## PAMPHLETS.

- CASSELL, PETER & GALPIN, London and New York.—The Holy Bible. With illustrations by Gustave Doré. Part XXIII.  
La Fontaine's Fables. Illustrated by the same. Part VIII.  
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Letters on International Copyright. By H. C. Carey.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Sketches by Boz. By Charles Dickens.  
ORANGE JUDD & CO., New York.—The American Horticultural Annual.  
SHERWOOD & CO., Baltimore.—Cash and Credit. By H. M. Fitzhugh.  
We have received *Hiram Potter's Vision: a Story for Christmas, 1867*. By George F. Parsons.  
We have also received current numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine* (reprint), *The United States Musical Review*, *The American Educational Monthly*, *The Herald of Health*, *The Sailor's Magazine—New York*; *The Printers' Register—London*; *The Sunday-school Teacher—Chicago*; *The Home Monthly—Nashville, Tenn.*; *The Northern Monthly—Newark, N. J.*; *The American Journal of Horticulture*.

## FINANCIAL.

## THE CURRENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In order to present this currency question in the clearest possible light before your readers, allow me to occupy a little of your space once more. I will preface what I have to say by repeating the remark of an eminent writer: "A history of the opinions of men respecting money, and the precious metals that are the material of which money is made, would be almost a complete history of the progress of political economy. The errors to which we are liable on a superficial consideration of the subject are so natural, so liable to be entertained by persons of ordinary judgement and ordinary means of information, that we cannot wonder at their having seriously affected the course of legislation in most countries and the general policy of nations."

Money is an instrument of commerce, and as such its only value is its utility. Let me repeat this, *the only value of the money of a nation is its utility*. The only utility of the money of a nation consists in the fact that it is the recognized medium of exchange. Now, the governing principle of money as an instrument of commerce, or, as Mr. Henry C. Carey terms it, "the instrument of association," is this: *Whatever may be the material of the money of a nation, whether of gold or of paper, its value in exchange may be raised to any conceivable extent by diminishing the supply or it may be lowered to any conceivable extent by increasing the supply*. In other words, the only utility of the money of a nation being that of circulating its exchangeable commodities, no increase or decrease of the volume thereof, whether of gold or of paper, can increase or decrease its utility. Now, suppose the government undertook to "resume" specie payments for a few hours, what would be the effect? Would such a preposterous step tend to raise in the slightest degree the value in exchange (except for gold) of the paper money now in existence? Not at all. It would only lower the value in exchange of the gold. It would equalize gold and paper only for a moment. It would make matters worse than they now are, by the existing agio. Therefore, I lay down the proposition that whether our paper money be one hundred millions or ten thousand millions, if it forms the exclusive currency of the nation, its value or utility is the same in either case. I have thus far spoken of the exchangeable value of the currency of a nation. I have said nothing of the gold value of our currency, nor have I shown why it would be utterly impossible to maintain specie payments with the present volume of paper in existence, even though there were a dollar of gold in the Treasury for every dollar of circulation out. I shall attempt to show all this, and shall lay down the law which governs the matter, and which, being the correlative of the principle stated above as governing the exchangeable value of the currency, furnishes a complete solution of the currency problem. I shall let Professor Bowen state the law for me. He says: "The currency of any nation, whether it consists exclusively of specie or of a mixture of specie with bank bills redeemable in specie on demand, is a fixed quantity, determined by the extent of the trade and the population, and by the perfection of the financial arrangements of commerce, as compared with the trade, population, and financial arrangements of all other commercial nations; the necessary equalization of the prices of all commodities in different countries, through the operations of international trade, is at once the result and the proof of this equal distribution of the total currency of the commercial world among all commercial nations in exact proportion to the wants and circumstances of each. In the same manner, and under the operation of the same laws, prices are equalized through the various cities and towns of any one nation, and each city and town is consequently supplied with its due proportional share of the total currency of that country. This distribution of money is a self-adjusting process, not requiring any interference of legislation or any efforts of individuals or associations specially directed to the purpose. *Laissez faire*." It is then "the necessary equalization of the prices of all commodities in different countries, through the operations of international trade," that forces the equal distribution of that substance in which the prices of commodities are expressed, namely, money. Let me explain this. Suppose the currency of a nation be suddenly increased twenty-five per cent. The immediate consequence of this increase in the volume of the currency will be an advance of twenty-five per cent. in the currency price of the commodities exchanged within such nation; for, as I have before observed, the total currency will possess no more utility than before the increase. Relative prices will remain the same—that is to say, the wages of labor, after they have become adjusted to the new

order of things, will command as much wheat as before the change. Now, if the money of this nation, which I have supposed, consisted of a metallic or a convertible paper currency, imports of various commodities would take place, so that the increase of twenty-five per cent. which had been added to the currency would become decreased by the export of coin or bullion to pay for such increased imports, until the prices of commodities in such nation had been reduced to the level of the prices of similar commodities throughout the commercial world. If, on the other hand, the money of this nation, which I have supposed, were *sui generis*—were government paper money, payable in nothing on demand, and not payable at all except as it were receivable for taxes, such money would have to suffer a depreciation of twenty-five per cent. from its nominal value, because it would have no exchangeable value at all beyond the jurisdiction of such nation, and because, as I have stated before, its utility within such nation could not possibly be increased. On the other hand, if the money of such nation were suddenly decreased twenty-five per cent., its utility would remain the same, and prices of commodities would fall below the prices of similar commodities throughout the commercial world, and such commodities would be exported in increased volume, and coin or bullion would flow in from other countries, till the value which had been taken from the currency in paper became added to it again in coin. Say states the principle briefly thus: "No government has the power of increasing the total national money otherwise than nominally. The increased quantity of the whole reduces the value of every part and *vice versa*." It would be to no purpose that duties on imports were increased with a view to prevent the influx of commodities and the necessary process of equalization of prices, for the duties on commodities would reappear in the enhanced cost of the domestic commodities produced by those who had consumed the foreign products upon which the duties had been levied. It is true that the duties on imported commodities are borne in part by the producing countries, especially the duties on manufactures, and even on such an article as tea, the production of which approaches the character of a monopoly by one country. But in such a staple as sugar or wool the duties are almost wholly borne by the consumer, because there are so many producing countries that the price is reduced to a minimum by competition. It is quite true that duties on foreign manufactures, or anything else that is unproductively consumed, can be so increased as to stop importations thereof to a very great extent, except by smugglers. But even if such importations were effectually prevented, then there would be increased importations of such commodities as are productively consumed. Wheat and flour would be imported, as they were in 1836, and in the spring of 1866 and 1867, and as they probably will be in the spring of 1868, unless the currency adjusts itself, with or without the assistance of Congress, before then. Besides, supposing that the importation of all commodities of unproductive consumption were shut out, then the revenue is curtailed and taxes must be raised on some other commodities of foreign or domestic production; in either case the price of domestic commodities will be increased in consequence so as to render competition with similar commodities of foreign production impossible. These remarks lead me to a most important principle that must be observed in fiscal legislation, and I shall make a digression for the purpose of explaining it. I have shown that the equalization of the prices of commodities throughout the commercial world becomes inevitable through the operations of international trade. I have also shown that if the currency of any nation becomes increased, prices correspondingly increase, and imports increase under the equalizing process until the currency is reduced again. But suppose, instead of an increase of currency, there be a large increase of taxation. What then? Why, the wages of labor, rent, and profits (the only sources, according to Adam Smith, whence taxes are derived) must be reduced accordingly; for the prices of commodities must not advance, otherwise they will be superseded by imported commodities under the equalizing process, and this is the reason why taxation finally rests on the producing classes. It is, therefore, obvious that the superior condition of the working classes in this country hitherto has been more owing to their exemption from taxation than to the superior natural resources of the country. So far as taxes can be shifted from productive consumption to luxurious and unproductive consumption, it will be a clear gain to the producing classes. If unproductive or luxurious consumption of foreign products can be prevented, and our own producing classes can obtain the exclusive privilege of supplying this luxurious or unproductive consumption, it will be a still greater relief to the producing classes of our own country. How far our currency must be contracted to a less *per capita* proportion than before this heavy taxation came upon us, I am not prepared to say; but I am quite sure that we can bear no more currency *per capita*, and shall finally have to devise means to produce more and consume less, especially of foreign manufactures, than we did before the war, or get along with less currency *per capita*. I shall close this digression, then, by saying that I have substantially stated the principle which limits the ability of a nation to support taxation; but I will repeat, taxation tends to enhance the cost of all commodities produced in any country, and therefore taxation must be dispensed with, or the wages of labor, rent, and profits must be reduced; but the establishment of a sound currency is indispensable in protecting home in-



dustry. Absolute free trade is a chimera, but protection by discriminating taxation is only an incidental means of saving American industry from destruction. There can be no substantial protection to American industry so long as the value of the currency is inflated beyond a certain point. It is unquestionably the paramount duty of any government to protect the industry of its people, for from the labor of its people alone does it derive the support necessary to its own existence and the preservation of its own credit. Hence we see the fallacy of the saying, which is quite common among us, that owing to increased taxation we require more currency than before the war. What we "require" is more economy in public and private expenditure. We "require," or shall have to get along with, less currency than before the war, rather than more.

What, then, is the gold or money value of our currency as fixed by the international laws of trade? The following table, prepared with care from reliable sources, completely answers the question:

Year beginning in January.	Cir. and dep. millions.	Cir. and dep. per capita.	Specie movement, Fiscal year end'g June 30. Net import. Net export.
1849, . . . . .	205	9.18	1,246,592
1850, . . . . .	240	10.32	2,894,202
1851, . . . . .	284	11.71	24,019,160
1852, . . . . .	328	13.38	37,169,091
1853, . . . . .	348	13.90	23,285,493
1854, . . . . .	392	15.25	34,478,272
1855, . . . . .	377	14.22	52,587,531
1856, . . . . .	408	14.90	41,537,853
1857, . . . . .	445	15.60	50,675,123
1858, . . . . .	341	11.56	33,358,651
1859, . . . . .	452	14.87	57,517,708
1860, . . . . .	460	14.84	57,995,104

Average circulation and deposits per capita being 13 68-100 since 1850. In this calculation I have made no account of the specie reserves of the banks, because they formed no part of the active currency, any more than the compound interest notes and three per cent. certificates do now.

It is thus seen that our circulation was full to overflowing under an average of circulation and deposits equal to \$13 68 per capita, and, excepting what has found its way into the melting-pot or been used in the arts, every dollar that has been coined at the mint and put into circulation, and every ounce of gold that has been dug from the mines, has gone abroad, and we have permitted a feeble and rotten paper currency to be imposed upon us, with its periods of inflation and revulsion, and we have submitted to a constant alternate freezing and thawing of the fountains of our prosperity—all the varied forms of our domestic industry. We hear much said of the quantity of coin in the country waiting to come into circulation. Where is it? There is no doubt a large quantity of gold in the shape of watches and jewelry; and there has probably been a considerable quantity otherwise consumed in the arts. But when I hear distinguished senators talk about the three or four hundred millions of coin that is still in the country, I feel inclined to retort to such in the language of Sheridan: "The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts."

But to return to the table, we note the average of circulation and deposits, as before stated, and we see that the process of the equalization of prices has forced out of the country every dollar of currency beyond that limit, and that in 1857 the process of equalization was so irresistible that the specie reserves of the banks were drawn upon, and a violent and sudden contraction and a suspension of specie payments forced. The gold value of our currency, then, as fixed by the international laws of trade, is about thirteen or fourteen dollars per capita, rather less than more. The nominal value of our paper currency per capita is more than forty dollars, or, with gold at 133, it is more than thirty dollars in gold, as fixed by the Secretary of the Treasury under the pretence of controlling speculators. The table shows that not only does all our gold flow out of the country when the circulation and deposits are about thirteen dollars per capita, but it also shows that if they greatly exceed that limit for any length of time the currency becomes inconvertible, and specie payments cannot be any longer maintained. These remarks will be useful to those who insist that specie payments can be maintained, and ought to be "resumed" at once, by proclamation. And if our currency were exclusively gold coin, the limit is still the same. I do not wish to be understood as objecting to the export of gold, for it cannot be prevented whenever our circulation and deposits, whether of coin or paper, exceed thirteen or fourteen dollars per capita. I only wish to point out the fact that, when the circulation and deposits exceed that amount, there is a continuous export of gold as fast as it is produced (except what is consumed in the arts); and if the circulation and deposits exceed fifteen dollars per capita, the paper begins to depreciate; and if the circulation and deposits reach and remain at forty dollars and over per capita, the premium on gold will rise, sooner or later, to near two hundred, and no human power can prevent it. National bankruptcy may be a concomitant of this rise in gold, or not, accordingly as Congress permits the Secretary of the Treasury to pursue his present career or not. The administration of this man has been one continued, withering curse to the country. He has paralyzed the energies of commerce, rooted out manufactures, and blasted the hopes of the agriculturist.

GEORGE A. POTTER.

## TABLE-TALK.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT has received a fresh impulse from the meeting on Thursday of last week at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; and the republication of Mr. Henry C. Carey's pamphlet opposing it, which we shall take an early opportunity to notice, will probably be the signal for a general renewal of discussion on the question. We cannot but rejoice that this is so, for we have sufficient faith in the generosity and justice of the American people to believe that a full and thorough investigation of the matter can only result in a universal conviction of the iniquity of the wholesale robbery of foreign authors. As Dr. Prime well said at the meeting, "we should never dream of putting our hand into the foreign author's pocket and stealing his gold," yet we complacently arrogate the right to put our hand into his books and pilfer and peddle the ideas which are his uncoined wealth. Not even the paramount "necessity for a cheap literature" in America, on which one gentleman loftily based his opposition to obvious equity, or the "impossibility of poor booksellers earning an honest livelihood" otherwise than by open piracy on the high seas of literature, on which he dwelt still more feelingly, seems to us to justify what we have always considered and must still consider a flagrant wrong. If America absolutely needs a cheap literature—which is apt, we fear, to be cheap and nasty—and if our own booksellers are unable to compete with the foreign bookseller in open market, the proper way, it seems to us, of adjusting the difficulty is to tax the foreign bookseller, not to rob the foreign author. If we cannot be free traders, let us not, to quote from Dr. Prime, be free-booters; if a protective tariff be absolutely requisite to our prosperity, let the domestic publisher be protected to his heart's content. But let us think somewhat, too, of the native author. If we are to hearken to Mr. Miller's syren strains, the fount of Castaly has been to our fortunate writers a very Pactolus, and Prof. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes and Mr. Bryant and Prof. Lowell are burdened with the wealth that they have clutched in its affluent waters. But, begging Mr. Miller's pardon, we do not believe him; we do not believe that either of the gentlemen he has named, unless perhaps Mr. Longfellow, has made a fortune from his writings, or would indeed have turned to literature at all if he had not been in easy circumstances; none of them certainly would have trusted to it for subsistence. If our authors be rich, as Mr. Miller triumphantly claims, it is not because they have grown rich on the spoils of the publisher, but because only rich men in this country can afford to be authors. Not that American publishers are not liberal; but they would be less than human if they would pay for work which they can find ready done for nothing. Patriotism is a fine thing, but *regina pecunia* is a finer, and the publishers are not at all to blame for consulting their own interests. It is the people who are to blame, and Congress which represents the people, for this twofold robbery of foreign and native author alike. The foreign author is robbed of his property *in esse*, and the native of his property *in esse* both; of the fruits of his actual labor by the foreign bookseller, and by the domestic bookseller of his possible labor, the work which an international copyright law must of necessity throw into his hands. What do the protectionists say to this? Is not this a domestic manufacture that ought to be encouraged as well as our sewing-machines and hair-pins? Is not the writer as worthy of his hire as any other worker in the vineyard? Or shall we tend to increase a cheap native literature by carefully discouraging and impoverishing native authors. If we cannot be just to the foreigner let us be generous to ourselves. Our authors are every day increasing in numbers and excellence, and consequently in availability for plunder, and though the advantage in this game of filching is now on our side, while the foreign author has most to lose, before long the situations may be changed, and we may begin to learn that honesty is the best policy. Even now the £40,000 of English money which should have gone into Professor Longfellow's pocket may fairly counterbalance the two or three hundred thousand American dollars which have eluded Mr. Dickens. We believe, too, that American publishers have, as a rule, acted with far more fairness toward English authors than English publishers toward American. We are not informed that our cousins across the water have yet followed the example of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Hurd & Houghton, the Harpers, and others of our chief publishing houses in admitting the foreign authors to a share in the profits of their reprints. We mistake. Dr. Prime relates that an English firm which has published one hundred thousand copies of one of his books sent him, after repeated solicitations and only upon being profoundly persuaded that his influence as an editor might make it profitable to be just, the munificent sum of £20.

We have said that so long as we adhere to the protective system the native publisher may be easily protected by heavy duties on book importations. But international copyright does not at all conflict with free trade, as a confusion of ideas has led some injudicious advocates of the latter to assert. Let the manufactured wares of the bookseller be imported like other wares, as free as air if desired, and the sooner and the more profusely the better; but let the foreign author be free to take out the patent for his invention. Indeed, on this question protectionists and free traders meet on common ground; without any sacrifice of principle both may advocate an act which has the rare merit of combining justice with policy. We trust that the present movement may have a more tangible and auspicious result than has crowned previous efforts in the same direction. It is time

that American publishers and American authors should begin to learn that their interests are identical and to work together for their common good. The harmony and unanimity of feeling which animated the meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel is a favorable augury of triumph, and we cannot help congratulating Mr. Egbert Hasard, to whom we believe the credit of opening the campaign is largely due, on the success which has thus far attended his very laudable exertions.

MR. IVISON's proposition at the international copyright meeting to pay the foreign author a certain royalty on the sales of his reprinted books is fair enough and good so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough; it does not touch the principle at the bottom of the controversy, the indefeasible right of the author to his printed thought. It accords as a favor what should be yielded as a right.

THE dinner to Mr. William Cullen Bryant at Delmonico's on Thursday, the 30th ult., was one to be remembered. Given under the auspices of the Free Trade League, of which the venerable recipient is so distinguished a member, the affair was happily conceived and in all respects satisfactorily carried out. Mr. Bryant made a speech on the occasion which for force, precision, and felicity of metaphor has rarely been equalled even by the speaker himself in his best moments; and the other addresses of the evening were distinguished for being on an unusual intellectual level for after-dinner discourses. Apart from the significance of the present demonstration as a token of the exalted respect in which Mr. Bryant is held, this festival was important as exhibiting a growing confidence in and attachment to the great commercial principle which is destined, ere long, to be as fully recognized and accepted in the United States as it is in England. Good is seldom obtained in this world without a battle, but it is satisfactory to those most profoundly interested in an encounter to know that their force is constantly increasing and their chances of speedy success commensurately enhanced. Many clever things were said on this interesting occasion, and, in witnessing the effect of attritions between men who, at variance on other subjects, are at one on that of Free Trade, we could not but think that a like periodical banquet—which might gracefully be continued in the complimentary form of the present occasion—might usefully be established under the auspices of the league. The speeches made would be, as were those of the dinner of the 30th, fully reported by the press, and thus the sound doctrines and happy illustrations of the ablest exponents of free trade would be widely spread before the popular eye. The committee to whom was intrusted the management of the late festival—Messrs. Pell, Carroll, and Stern—deserve the courteous acknowledgements of all who participated in the benefit of their labors for the disinterested readiness with which they were undertaken and the thoroughness and urbanity with which they were discharged.

ONE of the finest instances of the wisdom of making public offices political machines is constantly before our eyes in the form of the post-office. An illustration of its efficiency is afforded by an experiment of the editor of *The Observer*. "The other day," he says, "we deposited a letter in the lamp-post box directly in front of our office building; the letter was directed to ourselves, 37 Park Row. Precisely twenty-five hours after it was deposited, the letter was delivered at our desk."

THE controversy about *Rock Me to Sleep* is among what we have long ago set down as what Lord Dundreary calls "things no fellow can understand." First we believed on what seemed to us irrefragable evidence that Mr. Ball had written the lines—and we said so; then Mrs. Akers's champion in *The Times* convinced us of Mrs. Akers's integrity and Mr. Ball's dishonesty—and we recanted; next a Ball advocate pleaded through six columns of *The Tribune* the claim of his client in so conclusive a manner that we have no doubt we should have reversed our last opinion had we not determined nevermore to have an opinion about it. Now, however, comes "An [anonymous] Old Composer" who writes from Annapolis to *The Tribune* that the poem was written by one Edward Young, "a blacksmith or carriage-smith of eccentric and wayward character," of Lexington, Georgia; and that he (the anonymous Old Composer) set the poem in type himself from Young's manuscript, in 1859, for *The Southern Field and Fireside* of Augusta, Georgia. We suppress a theory of our own that Mr. Charles Reade wrote it, and have only to suggest that, until Mrs. Akers and Mr. Ball have recourse to the legal decision for which they have both, somewhat ostentatiously, professed a desire, neither they nor their friends have any right to pester the public with their unprofitable squabble.

THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY passed resolutions expressive of their sense of the national loss by the death of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and that "while knowing the author and paying that tribute of heartfelt admiration of his genius as a poet which has been ever accorded by all acquainted with his writings, we cherish the recollection of his personal worth and amiability of character, the charm of his enlivened conversation, and grace which his presence imparted to social life." Mr. Bryant, as Halleck's life-long friend, was also invited to read at a special meeting of the society a paper on the life and genius of the poet. In addition to the various memorials which have appeared in a number of the magazines, a memoir by General James Grant Wilson, his literary executor, is in preparation at the desire of Mr. Halleck's sister, and will contain much unpublished correspondence and verse.

THE REV. DR. NEWMAN's *Parochial and Plain Sermons* are announced for republication by the Messrs. Riving-



ton, in eight octavo volumes, under the editorship of the Rev. W. J. Copeland, one of the author's intimate friends. These sermons, admitted by all parties to be the ablest productions of their kind which have appeared during the present century, have been long out of print, both here and in England; and not even the desertion of many of the opinions therein expressed, by their distinguished author, has concealed their unusual merit or abated their popularity.

MR. E. P. WHIPPLE, we hope, will lose no time in embodying in book form his papers on the Elizabethan dramatists, which were apparently concluded in the last number of *The Atlantic*. We have never found a more delightful treatment of the literature of that wonderful age than Mr. Whipple has given in this brilliant series; yet it was vexatious to read it in bits, and we shall look forward to its appearance in a coherent form—unless, indeed, by delay we are to gain some addition—with the impatience that attends the expectation of a most charming book.

MR. GEORGE W. CARLETON's trip, *vid* France and Spain, to Algiers and other parts of Northern Africa, from which he expects to return next May, will probably have, among other good results, that of giving us a new volume of such funny sketches as we had in *Our Artist in Cuba* and in *Peru*.

THE indefatigable artists of the Theatre Français have been rewarded for their exertions by a steadily advancing appreciation of their merits, and a nightly increase in the number and quality of their admirers. The cultivated and critical French audience; the select and fashionable opera audience, attracted first by the renown of *La Grande Duchesse* and retained among her followers by the perfections of herself and her surroundings; the old play-goers who regret the bygone glories of the stage, when our metropolitan theatres boasted a stock company each member of which would now be constituted a "star;" and the worthy prosaic people who seek new subjects for moral denunciation—all with their several intents and expectations find delight in the representations offered by the management of the pleasant little theatre in Fourteenth street. The comic element is in the ascendant this winter, and while our taste is gratified by the elegance, the social wit and gaiety which in the comedies present the pleasant side of life, we all acknowledge the refreshing influence of a hearty laugh. Sometimes an ambitious attempt is made—and not without success—to introduce a French tragedy, and Mlle. Deborah availed herself of the privilege of a *beneficiare* to select one; but the shorter pieces of serious interest which are sustained with so much ability by Monsieur La Roche and

Mdme. Larmet, succeeded by the lively comedies in which Mlle. Reillez, Edgard, Hamilton, Juignet, and the colossal Roche appear, are sure to delight the audience.

The French stage owes much of its success to the individual interest evinced by each artist in the general success of all the performances; we do not claim for the representative of Hernani less self appreciation than he who plays Hamlet on our own stage, but his love of art in the abstract is greater; Monsieur La Roche, whose excellent performance of Victor Hugo's hero merits the highest commendation, loses nothing in position or fame by playing an unimportant part in order to aid his *collaborateurs*, and the charming and versatile Mlle. Reillez and Monsieur Juignet, who delighted a large and brilliant audience in *Les Diables Roses*, did not hesitate, with other artists of good position, to fill parts in the tragedy which, in the hands of inferior actors, are so often unsatisfactorily rendered, and sometimes made absolutely ridiculous. Mlle. Reillez had the good taste to select Scribe's charming comedy of *Valerie* for her benefit, together with one of those brilliant pieces in which her own powers are displayed to so much advantage.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has been so pursued by tattle to the effect that he purposed to expatriate himself with the design of becoming an American citizen, that he has found it necessary to publish a note stating that "I am going to devote myself to the study, and, if after due study I feel equal to the task, to the composition of American history." To this end, some time during the summer, he will take up his residence in this country—where, the facilities for access to books and records must determine—for a somewhat protracted time, but only as a sojourner. "In the present state of English affairs," he says in conclusion, "I can imagine, though I do not anticipate, the occurrence of a crisis which will render it incumbent on the honor of every Englishman to share, though he might be unable to influence, the destinies of his country."

MR. TENNYSON is about to issue a "standard" edition of his works in four library volumes. This edition will be carefully corrected by the poet, and will contain some notable additions to his published writings. As to the Laureate's last poem, *The Victim*, we are glad to see well received by the English press generally the suggestion of *The St. James' Chronicle*, that the verses are so poor "that the reader at once identifies the 'Victim' with the editor" publishing them. No other really great poet, perhaps, has written as large a proportion of trash as Mr. Tennyson—stuff that can scarcely be accepted as from the same pen with the exquisite gems he ever and anon gives us. Had either *The Victim* or the thing about the spiteful let-

ter been sent anonymously to the editor of any respectable periodical, we make no doubt that it would have gone into the editorial waste-basket.

VOLTAIRE's statue—the Jesuit opposition to the contrary notwithstanding—is to be erected in Paris. Subscriptions have been made by 202,500 persons, and the statue, copied from that by Houdon in the Théâtre Français, is to be erected upon such spot as the government shall designate.

THERE has just been published in London a bibliographic volume which no doubt will prove valuable to many cis-Atlantic readers. It is entitled "*A Descriptive Catalogue of Friends' Books*;" or, *Books Written by Members of the Society of Friends*, commonly called Quakers, from their first rise to the present time; interspersed with critical remarks and occasional biographical notices, and excluding all writings by authors before joining, and by those after having left the Society, whether adverse or not, as far as known."

ANOTHER important catalogue, this one of especial value to artists, has commenced to appear in the English *Notes and Queries*, under the direction of the Department of Science and Art, and will include books on painting, sculpture, architecture, decoration, coins, antiquities, etc. The editor, in his preface, after alluding to the urgent want of such a help to students, says:

"The Lords of Committee of Council on Education have determined to supply, as far as possible, the schools and students under their direction with such a catalogue. The circulation of books from the National Art Library makes the printing of the catalogue doubly necessary, and the interest felt and expressed, not only by men well versed in art literature in our own country, but by distinguished professors, collectors, and amateurs of all ranks all over the Continent, in the prosecution of such an undertaking, shows how popular it promises to be. The publication of the proof-sheets of this catalogue, complete to 1867, is to be carried on in *Notes and Queries*. The sheet will be arranged so that the whole may be bound in one volume. To obtain additions and corrections from the public is the special object of the circulation of these proof-sheets in their necessarily imperfect state. The work cannot be made complete without external aid."

THE REV. ATHANASE LAURENT CHARLES COQUEREL, one of the greatest and best of the French Protestant clergy, has died at Paris in the 73d year of his age. In the Revolution of 1848 he took part in political affairs, being a member of the Chamber of Deputies along with the celebrated and heretical ex-Abbé Lamennais and the Dominican Lacordaire. As a theologian, though pastor of the Reformed Church in Paris and President of the Paris Presbytery, he was denounced as unorthodox by rigid Calvinists—as, indeed, he was. He was a man of culture, and the author, among other works, of *Sacred Biography*, *Analysis of the Bible*, *Answer to Strauss's Life of Jesus*, *Modern Orthodoxy*, and *Experimental Christianity*.

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N.B.—Repairing in all branches. Diagrams and Price Lists sent. Every article stamped with our name warranted genuine and to color.

#### RARE LONDON BOOKS.

NOW READY, AND SENT GRATIS TO ANY ADDRESS,

#### CATALOGUE NO. 46, FOR FEBRUARY.

Being a descriptive and priced list of a valuable collection of CURIOUS, INTERESTING, and STANDARD BOOKS, both ancient and modern, just imported from Europe, and now offered for sale at the very low prices annexed, by

A. L. LUYSTER,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH AND FOREIGN BOOKS,

138 Fulton Street, New York.

#### CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

Trade-Mark  
for  
Electro-Plate.

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Our Goods, which can be obtained from all responsible dealers, bear this stamp. They are heavily plated on the finest Albata or Nickel Silver, and we guarantee them in every respect superior to the best Sheffield Plate.

#### GORHAM MANUFACTURING CO.,

Silversmiths and Manufacturers of Fine Electro-Plate, Providence, R. I.

The Gorham Ware is indisputably superior to the finest Sheffield Plate. For sale at retail by STARR & MARCUS, 22 John Street.

#### CHEAP SOAP! GOOD SOAP!

#### NATRONA REFINED SAPONIFIER;

OR,

#### CONCENTRATED LYE.

TWO CENTS A POUND FOR SUPERIOR HARD SOAP.

TWELVE POUNDS OF SOFT SOAP FOR ONE CENT.

#### Every Family Can Make Their Own Soap.

ALL VARIETIES OF SOAP AS EASILY MADE AS A CUP OF COFFEE.

Is a New Concentrated Lye for making Soap, just discovered in Greenland, in the Arctic Seas, and is composed mainly of Aluminate of Soda, which, when mixed with REFUSE FAT, produces the

#### Best Detergative Soap in the World.

One Box will make 175 pounds of good Soft Soap, or its equivalent in superior Hard Soap.

Retailed by all Druggists and Grocers in the United States.

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Dealers can obtain it wholesale in cases, each containing 48 Boxes, at a liberal discount, of the Wholesale Grocers and Druggists in all the Towns and Cities of the United States, or of

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The Monarch who offered a Royal Gem for a new sensation might have it on easier terms he lived in these times. PHALON & SON'S EXTRACT OF THE "NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS" gives not only a new sensation, but a new rapture to the sense to which it appeals. In richness and durability the fragrance of this luxurious floral extract has no equal in the world.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

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AWARDED,

OVER EIGHTY-TWO COMPETITORS, THE HIGHEST PREMIUM,

A GOLD MEDAL,

FOR THE PERFECTION OF

SEWING MACHINES AND BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR THIS BRANCH OF MANUFACTURE.

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MADE PERFECT BY THE USE OF

The Bruen Manufacturing Co.'s New Cloth Plate.

By substituting this plate for the old one three distinct and different stitches can be made, viz.: the LOCK, the DOUBLE LOOP ELASTIC (or so-called Grover & Baker), and the newly-patented THREE-THREAD EMBROIDERY STITCH. Price of Plate \$10.

THE BRUEN MANUFACTURING CO., 571 Broadway, N. Y.

#### TO EUROPEAN ADVERTISERS.

English and French Advertisements for THE ROUND TABLE will be received, and all requisite information given, by the Advertising Agents of the Journal in London, Messrs. ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59 Fleet Street, E. C.

SUPREME COURT, NEW YORK.

CATHERINE COOK against GEORGE T. COOK.—*Summons*—For Relief. (Com. not served.)

TO GEORGE T. COOK: You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed January 2, 1868, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 77 Nassau Street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated January 2, 1868.

J. G. McADAM, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Hill's Hair Dye. 50 Cents. Black or Brown. Instantaneous, Natural, Durable, the Best and Cheapest in Use. Quantity equals any dollar size. Depot, 95 Duane Street. Sold by all druggists.



## Vol. 7. THE ROUND TABLE. Vol. 7.

OF

FOR 1868.

132 Nassau Street, New York

ed | London, and received in London by FRODGER & CO., 55, Pall  
| noster Row; and by SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON, Milton House,  
| Ludgate Hill, London.